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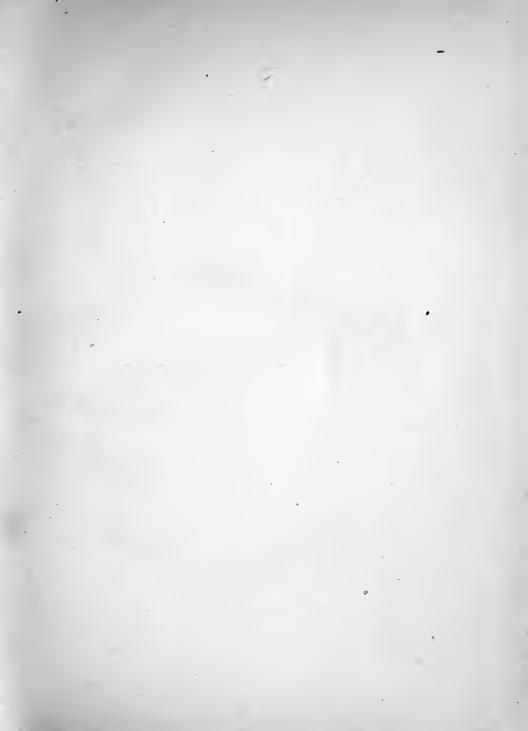
Section

1. 2. De Jones Jon













OF THE

ABYENT

COMPILED AND SELECTED BY

CHAS. C. BARKER.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

—JESUS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: W. N. PILE, PUBLISHER.

1881.

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PREFACE.

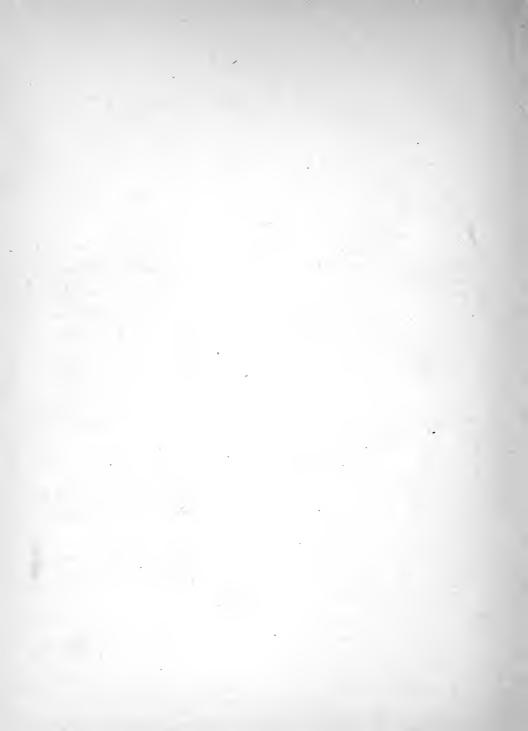
Under this title—"Hymns of the Advent"—we combine the collection of poetry and song so long and favorably known as "Hymns of the Morning," together with a fresh and rare selection of music, rich in harmony and beautiful in melody. This latter portion of our book, especially, we consider as a selection, rather than a compilation. The music and poetry, both, are very choice, and for the most part rare. Our aim has been to gather those gems whose lustre will not quickly fade. Be assured that these sweet tunes and hymns, rich with the wealth of holy sentiment, will never grow dull or wearisome to those who desire to sing with the spirit and understanding, making melody in their hearts unto the Lord. As a sort of appendix to our book, we add a selection of Favorite Hymns (words only), hymns which have been tested and found of special service—hymns whose music is familiar as a household word. This feature of our little work will, we trust, render it additionally useful and convenient.

With the hope that our little work may prove a blessing and a joy to many, we send it forth, praying for the coming of that day when the whole earth shall be made glad with the light of His glory.

Truly your friend and brother,

CHAS. C. BARKER.

WEST MERIDEN, CONN., Dec. 11, 1879.



HYMNS OF THE ADVENT.

God.

1.	Olive's	Brow

L. M.

EXISTENCE.

- There is a God—all nature speaks,
 Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
 See! from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright, O'er the wide world's extended frame, Inscribes, in characters of light, His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad, And trace creation's wonders o'er, Confess the footsteps of your God, And bow before him, and adore.

2. Peterboro. C. M. PERFECTIONS.

- 1 I sing th' almighty power of God, That made the mountains rise, That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 8 I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food; He formed the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord how thy wonders are displayed Where'er I turn mine eye!
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below But makes thy glories known; And clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures that borrow life from thee Are subject to thy care; There's not a place where we can flee, But God is present there.

3. Rockingham.

· L. M.

GLORY.

- 1 Come, O my soul! in sacred lays Attempt thy great Creator's praise: But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs, Almighty power with wisdom shines; His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glories sing; And let his praise employ thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song

L. Dundee.

C. M.

ETERNITY.

- 1 Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood, Ere seas or stars were made; Thou art the ever-living God, Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there's nothing old appears—Great God! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn And vexed with trifling cares; While thine eternal thought moves on Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

L. M.

5. Mornington, Page 77. S. M.

- 1 Ah! how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God?
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark With strict, inquiring eyes, Could we, for one of thousand faults, A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!
 Who can with thee contend?
 Or who, that tries the unequal strife,
 Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
 Their ancient seats forsake;
 The trembling earth deserts her place,
 Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah! how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None—none can meet him and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood.

6. Windham.

- 1 Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin, And born unholy and unclean; Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath, The seeds of sin grow up for death: Thy law demands a perfect heart — But we're defiled in every part.
- 8 Great God! create my heart anew, And form my spirit pure and true; No outward rites can make me clean, — The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest, Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea, Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone Hath power sufficient to atone: Thy blood can make me white as snow, No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7. China. C. M.

- 1 Death's not the "Gate of paradise," Nor "opening key" to heaven; Nor a bright "angel from the skies," Or boon in mercy given.
- 2 Death, to the saint, is not the hour When Christ his Lord hath come,

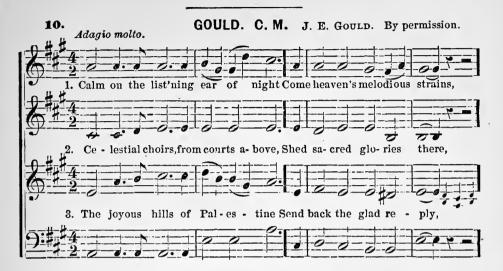
- In all the glory of his power, To waft him to his home.
- 3 Nature will mourn departing friends, And shake at death's alarms; 'Tis not "the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms."
- 4 No! 'tis a dark and cruel foe, Which has invaded earth; And to distress, and fear, and woe Intense hath given birth.
- 5 'Tis Satan's ally, sent abroad To execute his will; Permitted by a righteous God, His purpose to fulfill.
- 6 But Death, and he who hath its power, Shall be at last destroyed, And saints no more, O joyful hour! Will be by them annoyed.

8. Duke Street. L. M.

- 1 Blest is the man that walketh not In counsel of the wicked race, Who standeth not in sinners' path, Nor sitteth in the scorners' place.
- 2 But in Jehovah's perfect law, He ever findeth his delight; And on that holy law of His He meditates both day and night.
- 3 Like tree set by the water-brooks, His leaf, a leaf that cannot fall; In season due its fruit it yields, And all he doeth prosper shall.
- 4 Not so the wicked: they shall be
 As chaff before the wind that flies;
 And, therefore, in the judgment-day,
 Shall not these wicked ones arise.
- 5 Not in the assembly of the just Shall the unrighteous stand at all; For just men's way Jehovah knows; The way of sinners perish shall.

. Hebron. L. M

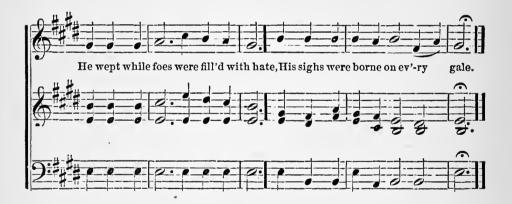
- Almighty Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days;
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span; A little point my life appears; How frail, at best, is dying man! How vain are all his hopes and fears.





- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee There comes a holier calm, And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring—
 "Peace to the earth, good will to men,"
 From heaven's eternal King.





- 2 Those sighs shall wrap the world around, 4 Who wept that we may weep no more, And all the air shall feel their balm,-Till storm and curse no more are found. And heaven breathes down a holy calm.
- 3 O precious, spotless Son of God. Who only breathed out love for man: Whose feet did consecrate earth's sod, Whose sighs did bless redemption's plan:
- Who sighed, that all our sighs might end, Who died, and death's long reign was o'er, Who lives - the sinner's lasting friend!
- 5 And shall my crimes find pardon there? And will my sins forgiveness meet? And shall I see that face so fair, -O Bridegroom-King! so kind, so sweet?

MESSIAH. C. M.

Arr. by L. MARSHALL. By permission. Theme by G. F. HANDEL. Maestoso. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, And on earth shall stand; the flesh be giv'n, And tho' to worms my Soli. his Mvdust lies hand, lies in his hand. his hand, My dust My dust lies in in his hand. his hand, My dust lies My dust lies in in his hand.

My dust

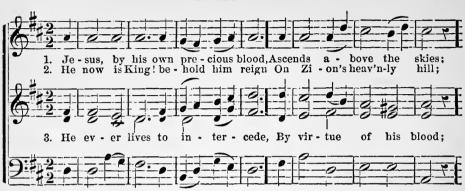
- 2 I find him lifting up my head, He brings salvation near; His presence makes me free indeed, And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be! Who can withstand his will?
- · · · · · · lies The counsel of his grace in me He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word; I steadfastly believe Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.

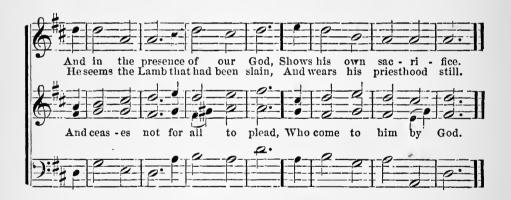
Christ.



BETHEL. C. M.

L. O. GROVER.





14.

Christmas. C. M. p. 29.

CHRIST THE WAY, TRUTH AND LIFE.

- 1 Thou art the Way to thee alone From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life the rending tomb Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm: And those who put their trust in thee. Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
 Grant us that way to know,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

Zerah.

C. M.

- 1 To us a child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given:
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
 Forever more adored;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.
- 8 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne of love,
 And peace abound below,
 Justice shall guard his throne of love,
 And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a child of hope is born;
 To us a Son is given;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty Lord of heaven.
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty Lord of heaven.

16.

Marlow.

C. M.

- 1 Come, happy souls! approach your God With new, melodious songs; Come, render to almighty grace The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love, That pitied dying men, The Father sent his only Son To give them life again.
- Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed With a revenging rod;
 No hard commission to perform The vengeance of a God;
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.
- E Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds, Come, wipe your sorrows dry; Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name, And you shall never die.

17.

Rockingham.

L. M.

MESSIAH'S MISSION.

- Not to condemn the sons of men, Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
 No weapons in his hands are seen, No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God, He loved the race of man so well, He sent his Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word; Trust in his mighty name, and live; A thousand joys his lips afford, His hands a thousand blessings give.

18.

Vernon.

S. M.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

19.

Olive's Brow.

L. M.

GETHSEMANE.

- 1 'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone; 'Tis midnight—in the garden now, The suffring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight and from all removed, Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears; E'en the disciple that he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight and for others' guilt The man of sorrows weeps in blood; Yet he that hath in anguish knelt, Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight and from ether plains, Is borne the song that angels know; Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Lee.

L. M.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Ye saints, approach! the anguish view Of him who groaned beneath your load; He gave his precious life for you, For you he shed his precious blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
 The Lord of glory died for men!—
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, reviv'd again!
- 4 The Son of God forsakes the tomb; Up to his Father's court he flies; Cherubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies!

21. Watch. p. 92.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 1 Angels! roll the rock away! Death! yield up thy mighty prey! See!—he rises from the tomb, Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! seraphs, raise
 Your triumphant shouts of praise!
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye saints—lift up your eyes! Now to glory see him rise! Hosts of angels on the road Hail and sing th' incarnate Word.

22. Migdol. L. M

- 1 The Christ, the Son of God, hath died! In life, in death, our surety He; Within the tomb of rock He lay, And with Him in that grave were we.
- 2 The Christ, the Son of God, now lives! Death could not hold Him in its power; He rose on the appointed morn, And we were with him in that hour.
- 8 Our life is hid with Christ in God; When He who is our life descends, That hidden life shall be unveiled, In beauty that all thought transcends.
- 4 And we shall see Him as He is, And we shall know as we are known; His bride, His love, His undefiled,— The sharers of His endless throne.

- 5 The day when He, the Son of God, Once more upon this earth appears, Shall be the last of time's dark course, The first of the eternal years.
- 6 The day when He, the living One, In glory and in light shall come, From out the grave shall burst a song, And death-sealed lips no more be dumb

23.

7s.

Hendon.

78.

- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb, Jesus scatters all its gloom; Day of triumph through the skies,— See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid, Triumph in the scattered shade; Drive your anxious cares away; See the place where Jesus lay!
- 3 Christian! dry your flowing tears, Chase your unbelieving fears; Look on his deserted grave; Doubt no more his power to save.

24. Arnheim.

L. M.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are captive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:—
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold the ethereal scene: He claims those mansions as his right; Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory who?
 The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
 Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay: — "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 Who is the King of glory who?
 The Lord, of boundless power possessed;
 The King of saints and angels, too,
 God over all, forever blessed.

Migdol.

L. M.

CHRIST OUR ADVOCATE.

- 1 He lives—the great Redeemer lives!— What joy the blest assurance gives! And now, before his Father, God, He pleads the merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears, And justice armed with frowns appears; But in the Saviour's lovely face, Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace!
- 8 Hence, then, ye black, despairing tho'ts— Above our fears—above our faults, His powerful intercessions rise; And guilt recedes—and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour, When sin and Satan join their power, Let this dear hope repel the dart— That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend! On thee our humble hopes depend; Our cause can never, never fail, For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

26.

Fountain. C. M.

- There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there have I, though vile as he, Washed all my sins away.
- E Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
- 6 Then in a sweeter, nobler song, I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue Is ransomed from the grave.

27.

Uxbridge.

L. M.

SALVATION ONLY IN JESUS.

 Jesus, no other name but thine, Is given by everlasting love, To lead our souls to joys divine; No other name will God approve.

- Here let my constant feet abide,
 Nor from the heavenly way depart!
 Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
 Direct my steps—and rule my heart.
- 3 In thee, my great almighty Friend, My safety dwells—and peace divine; On thee alone my hopes depend, For life, eternal life is thine.

28.

Gould. p. 9. C. M.

- 1 Life but in Christ, O, joyful theme! The righteous never die; Theirs is a sleep—the wicked dead Shall all forgotten lie.
- 2 Our loved ones fall asleep in Christ; And O, we miss them sore — The loving glance, the smiling face Will meet us here no more.
- 3 But O, bright hope! our Lord shall come, And bid the sleeping dust To Everlasting Life awake, In mansions of the just.
- 4 Then may we sing that joyful strain, O, death where is thy sting? O, gloomy grave, thy victory where? Our Christ is Lord and King.

29. Missionary Chant. L. M.

- Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of his dying love, Be humble honors paid below, And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins, And washed us in his richest blood; 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings, And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest, To Jesus, our superior King, Be everlasting power confessed, And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes, And every eye shall see him move; Though with our sins we pierced him once, Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail, While we rejoice to see the day; Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail, Nor let thy chariot long delay.

30. Sabbath Morn. 78.

MARANATHA.

- 1 Hark! a mighty swelling sound Filleth all the air around;
 Voices shrill, and lifted high,
 Waft it upward to the sky!
 Higher yet the strains ascend,
 And with Angel's anthems blend;
 Heaven and earth repeat the strain:
 "Jesus comes, and comes to reign!"
- 2 Sun, in solemn darkness veiled, Moon, whose midnight glory paled, Stars, in myriads falling fast, As the leaves 'mid Autumn's blast, — Roarings of the storm-waked sea, Kingdoms in perplexity, — All take up the rushing strain: "Jesus comes, and comes to reign!"
- 3 Deep with sin the world is stained; Long the tyrant Death has reigned; Long the earth has groaned aloud; Long the church in sorrow bowed; Soon the absent Lord will come And reveal the Eden home; All creation wakes the strain: "Jesus comes, and comes to reign!"
- 4 Haste the day, and speed the hour, When with awful pomp and power, And with trumpets' rolling sound, Christ shall come, in glory crowned! Then shall Paradise appear, Then shall beauty bless and cheer; Voices ring o'er earth and main: Jesus now has come to reign.

31. Is He Coming?

- 1 Hark! down through the starry portals, And over the distant main; Glad tidings are ringing and rolling, "The Bridegroom is coming again!"
- 2 There's a stir on the ramparts of Zion, There is boding in all the land, There is wailing among the nations,— Bespeaking His advent at hand.
- 3 'Through Europa's fifty old Kingdoms, And where Afric's hot sands burn, 'Mid the realms of the high and the lowly, Men wait for His blest return.
- i Where the rich bend over their coffers, Where the poor go sad to their task,

- Where humanity crushed, lies bleeding,— Is He coming? men, yearning, ask.
- Not long will the Dark One triumph,
 Not long will the martyrs sigh;
 Till the Lord, on some glorious morning,
 Rides down through the op'ning sky.
- 6 Not long will His chariot linger,
 Not long will the weepers wait,
 Ere, welcomed home to His Kingdom,
 They will pass through the golden gate!

32. Migdol. L. M.

- 1 The Saviour comes, his advent's nigh, He soon will rend the azure sky; Descending swift to earth again, When God shall dwell indeed with men.
- 2 O, happy day, when wars shall cease, And ransomed earth be filled with peace: When sin and death no more shall reign, And Eden bloom on earth again.
- 3 Saints, lift your heads; that day is near, When your Redcemer shall appear, To take the kingdom and the crown, And make his ransomed bride his own.
- 4 Shall not his people sing for joy?
 Shall not the Church their songs employ?
 Sing, ye who will; sing while ye may,
 And shout for joy th' approaching day.

33. Exhortation. L. M.

- 1 The Lord will come; the earth shall quake, The hills their fixed seat forsake; And, withering, from the vault of night The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come, but not the same As once in lowly form he came; A silent Lamb to slaughter led, The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form, With wreath of flame, and robe of storm, On cherub wings, and wings of wind, Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray A pilgrim on the world's highway, By power oppressed, and mocked by pride? O God, is this the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call, "Rocks, hide us! Mountains, on us fall!" The saints, ascending from the tomb, Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"



- 3 Over there is no more sinning, Over there are sunny skies; Crowns of fadeless beauty winning, And flowers of Paradise. Over there, over there, Just over there.
- 4 Over there I'll find my treasure, Jewels lost, long, long ago, Love and bliss in fullest measure, There my sad heart shall know. Over there, over there, Just over there.
- 5 Over there all are immortal, Over there is no more night, And the City's pearly portal, Is now almost in sight. Over there, over there, Just over there.
- 6 Will you go, dear sinner, with me
 Where the Lamb will ever reign,
 Where the lov'd of earth will greet thee,
 And never part again.
 Over there, over there,
 Just over there.

Faith and Love.

35.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Music by W. G. FISCHER. By permission.



"I love to tell the Story." Concluded.



- 3 I love to tell the story;
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderful and sweet.
 I love to tell the story;
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.—Cho.
- 4 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be—the OLD OLD STORY
 That I have leved so long!—Cho.



"Life in the Future." Concluded.





- 2 Though through sickness and want I may pass, And though lonely my earthly lot be, There is health and rich treasures untold, To possess in the future for me. — CHO.
- 3 There are songs that no mortal has heard, There are sights that no mortal can see; There are pleasures and friends that are true, And a home that's eternal for me.—Cho.
- 4 Pilgrim, cheer thee, and trusting go on, For not long shall thy pilgrimage be; There is rest, there is life, there is peace, And a home in the kingdom for thee.—CHO.



Dennis.

S. M.

- Not what these hands have done Can save this guilty soul;
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Thy work alone, O Christ, Can ease this weight of sin; Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace within.
- 3 I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love divine; And with unfaltering lips and heart, I call this Saviour mine.
- 4 His cross dispels each doubt;
 I bury in his tomb
 Each thought of unbelief and fear,
 Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 5 My life with him is hid, My death has passed away, My clouds have melted into light, My midnight into day.

39.

Boylston.

S. M.

- 1 I hear the words of love,
 I gaze upon the blood,
 I see the mighty sacrifice,
 And I have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace! Sure as Jehovah's name, 'Tis stable as his steadfast throne, For evermore the same.
- 3 That which can shake the cross, May shake the peace it gave, Which tells me Christ has never died, Or never left the grave!
- 4 Till then my peace is sure, It will not, cannot yield, Jesus, I know, has died, and lives— On this firm rock I build.
- 5 And yonder is my peace,
 The grave of all my woes!
 I know the Son of God has come,
 I know he died and rose.
- 6 1 know he liveth now,
 At God's right hand above,
 I know the throne on which he sits,
 I know his truth and love.

40

Ward.

L. M.

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade; Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and buried there; Convulsions shake the solid world, Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word, Our grief allays, our fear controls: Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

41

Anvern.

L. M.

- 1 Blest are the humble souls who see Their emptiness and poverty; Treasures of grace to them are given, And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart, Who mourn for sin with inward smart; The blood of Christ divinely flows A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar From rage and passion, noise and war; God will secure their happy state, And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace, Hunger and long for righteousness: They shall be well supplied, and fed With living streams, and living bread.

42

Lee.

L. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives, He lives and on the earth shall stand; And though to worms my flesh he gives, My dust lies numbered in his hand.
- 2 In this reanimated clay I surely shall behold him near; Shall see him in the latter day In all his majesty appear.
- 3 I feel what then shall raise me up; Th' eternal Spirit dwells in me; This is my confidence and hope, That God I face to face shall see.
- 4 Mine own and not another's eyes,
 The King shall in his beauty view;
 I shall from him receive the prize,
 The starry crown to victors due.

43. Peaceful Rest. C. M.

 As Jesus died, and rose again Victorious from the dead;
 So his disciples rise and reign With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds Christ shall with shouts descend; And the last trumpet's awful voice The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 The saints of God, from death set free, With joy shall mount on high; The heav'nly hosts, with praises loud, Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house With joyful hearts they go; And dwell forever with the Lord, Beyond the reach of woe.

44. Resurrection. C. M. Double.

1 My faith shall triumph o'er the grave, And trample ou the tombs; My Jesus, my Redeemer lives, My God, my Saviour comes; Ere long, I know he shall appear, In power and glory great, And death, the last of all his foes, Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 Then though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my form their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment day.
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see,
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye, And pains and groans and griefs and fears

And pains and groans and griefs and fears
Shall cease eternally.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour delay? O hasten thy appearance, Lord, And bring the welcome day!

45.

Hinton. 11s.

1 The night is far spent, and the day is at hand: Already the dawn may be seen in the sky; Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command; Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears! How welcome to those who have shared in his cross! A crown incorruptible then will be theirs, A rich compensation for suff'ring and loss.

3 What is loss in this world when compared with that day, To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed? "The Saviour is coming," his people may say; "The Lord whom we looked for, our Sun and our Shield."

4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name Is so faint, with so much our affectious to move! Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame; So much to be loved, and so little our love.

46.

Meavenly Home. 11s.

1 My home is in Eden, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near? Be hushed, my dark spirit, soon Jesus will come, To shorten my journey and welcome me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss; And building my hopes in a region like this; I look for a city which hands have not pil'd, I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow; I would not recline upon roses below; I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest, Till I find them forever in Jesus' breast.

47. Bremen. C. P. M.

- 1 The night is spent the morning ray Comes ushering in the glorious day,
 The promised time of rest;
 Hark! 'tis the trumpet, sounding clear,
 Its joyful notes burst on the ear,
 Proclaiming tidings blest.
- 2 Ah! see, the graves are opening now,
 The saints come forth, and every brow
 Beams with a radiant joy;
 To life immortal they arise,
 Inheritors of Paradise,
 Where death cannot destroy.
- R Stupendous scene! those men of old, Prophets, who have the story told Of this transcendent day, The Patriarchs, Apostles too, Who lived and died with it in view, Collectin bright array.
- 4 Now "satisfied," for like their Lord,
 Whose promise shines within the word,
 His likeness they should wear:
 A glittering host, like stars on high,
 In glory and in majesty,
 Upon the earth appear!

48. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

- 1 The glorious day is coming,
 The hour is rolling on,
 Its radiant light is beaming,
 Resplendent as the sun.
 In yon bright clouds of heaven
 The Saviour will appear,
 And gather all his chosen
 To meet him in the air.
- 2 Then fire, from God descending,
 Shall sweep this wide earth o'er,
 And nations, loud lamenting,
 Shall sink to rise no more.
 Though tears with groans are blended,
 Yet still in vain they cry;
 The day of hope is ended;
 The sinner now must die.
- 8 But saints shall be victorious,
 And joy to meet the Lord;
 An earth more bright and glorious
 Is promised in his word.

- Our God himself, there reigning, Shall wipe all tears away; No clouds or night remaining, But one eternal day.
- 4 O Christian, wake from sleeping,
 And let your works abound;
 Be watching, praying, weeping,
 For soon the trump will sound!
 O, sinner, hear the warning,
 To Jesus quickly fly;
 Then you on that blest morning,
 May meet him in the sky!

49. Better Land.

- 1 We have heard from the bright and the better land;
 We have heard, and our hearts are glad;
 For we were a lonely pilgrim band,
 And weary, and worn, and sad.
 They tell us the pilgrims ever dwell there
 No longer are homeless ones;
 We know the goodly land is fair;
 Life's river of water there runs.
- 2 They say green fields are waving there, And they never a blight shall know; That desert wilds are blooming fair, And roses of Sharon grow; And lovely birds in bowers green, Their melody ever repeat; Their warblings mingle in every scene, With harpings of Seraphs so sweet.
- 3 We have heard of the robe, the palm, the crown,
 And the silvery band in white;
 The city of gems in a high renown,
 Illumin'd with heav'nly light;
 The King is seen in his beauty fair,
 The joy and the light of the land;
 A little while, and we hope to be there,
 To join with that glorious band.

50. Time's Farewell.

1 It is the hour of Time's farewell,
And soon with Jesus we shall dwell;
The speeding moments hasten on,
And quickly they will all be gone!

CHORUS.

I'm going, I'm going—I'm on my journey home;

I'm traveling to a city just in sight!
Yes, I'm going, I'm going -- I'm on my journey home,

I'm traveling to the New Jerusalem!

- 2 Then will the sleeping martyrs rise, To meet the Saviour in the skies! No more will cry, "How long, O Lord!" But be avenged and have reward.
- 3 Then will the sleeping saints come forth, Who lie entomb'd in sea and earth; And, robed in immortality, Their Jesus face to face will see.
- 4 The living saints—they too will be Remembered in the Jubilee; Caught up together in the air, Their Saviour's triumph they will share.
- 5 O, happy saints, whose burning light Illuminates departing night, Who go to meet the Bridegroom Lord, Securely trusting in his word.

51. Lee. L. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives— What joy the blest assurance gives! He lives—he lives! who once was dead, He lives, my everlasting head!
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love, He lives to plead for me above; He lives my hungry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death; He lives my mansion to prepare, He lives to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives!—all glory to his name! He lives, my Saviour still the same; How great the joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

52. Woodland. C. M.

- 1 I know that my Messiah lives —
 He ever lives for me!
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 He now is lifting up my head; He brings salvation near; From death he'll make me free indeed, For he will soon appear.
- 3 Jesus, I hang upon thy word; I steadfastly believe Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord, And to thyself receive.

53. The Happy Land.

- 1 There is a world to come,
 Happy and pure;
 That is the Christian's home,
 Long to endure.
 O, 'tis a world of light!
 No more death, nor woe, nor night;
 Faith views it with delight,
 Knowing 'tis sure.
- 2 There Christ will ever reign,
 All-glorious King!
 There music's rapt'rous strain
 Ever will ring;
 Saints, who in ages by
 Suffered and were called to die,
 There, in sweet harmony,
 Anthems will sing.
- 3 There is our paradise,
 Eden restored;
 All beauteous in their eyes,
 Who love the Lord;
 Wastes that are now so drear,
 Like the rose shall blossom there,
 And be a garden fair:
 Thus saith the word.
- 4 O, that bright world to come,
 Tongue cannot tell!
 Thrice blessed is the home
 Where saints will dwell;!
 Turn, then, from sin away,
 And the word of God obey,
 Then at the last great day
 All will be well.

54. Anvern.

T. M.

1 No. not the love without the blood; That were to me no love at all: It could not reach my sinful soul,

Nor hush the fears that me appall.

? I need the love, I need the blood. I need the grace, the cross, the grave, I need the resurrection-power, A soul like mine to purge and save.

8 The love I need is righteous love. Inscribed on the sin-bearing tree, Love that exacts the sinner's debt, Yet in exacting sets him free:

4 The love that blotteth out each stain. That plucketh hence each deadly sting, That fills me with the peace of God, Unseals my lips and bids me sing;

The love that quickens into zeal. That makes me self-denied and true, That leads me out of what is old: And brings me into what is new:

6 That purifies and cheers and calms, That knows no change and no decay; The love that loves for evermore, Celestial sunshine, endless day.

55.

1 We're marching through a wilderness; Marching, marching; We're marching through a wilderness, Beset on every side; We are but a pilgrim band, Marching toward the promised land, Every foe we can withstand With Jesus for our guide.

CHORUS.

No fears disturb us as we go, Nor fill us with dismay; For He is a pillar of fire each night, A pillar of cloud each day.

2 We're marching through a wilderness; Marching, marching; We're marching through a wilderness, In search of Canaan's land. Soon we'll reach that blissful shore, Pilgrim days will soon be o'er, Then in Christ, for evermore, We'll be a happy band! — CHO.

8 We're marching through a wilderness: Marching, marching; We're marching through a wilderness, Beset on every side. But the smitten rock will give Healing draught that we may live; He will all our sins forgive, And every want provide. - CHO.

56. I Love Thee.

P. M.

1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord!

I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God.

I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,

But how much I love thee I never can show.

2 If ever I loved, sure I love thee, my Lord, I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word:

I love all my brethren. I love sinners, too. Since Jesus has died to redeem them to him.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, Oh, wondrous account!

My joys are immortal - I stand on the mount;

I hear of sweet Eden, and long to be there, With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to

4 Redemption, redemption, Through Jesus's blood:

Is streaming from Calv'ry, and rolls like a flood:

When the sun shall be darken'd, the moor turned to blood,

We'll shout full redemption in the Kingdom of God.

The Sweetest Name.

1 There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, The name before his wondrous birth, To Christ the Saviour given.

CHORUS.

We love to sing around our King, And hail him blessed Jesus; For there's no word ear ever heard So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim, When Abram's son they called him; The name that still, by God's good will, Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree, They wrote his name above him, That all might see the reason we For evermore must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne, Almighty to relieve us From sin and death, he gladly reigns The Prince and Saviour Jesus

58. Hoist Every Sail. C. M.

What vessel are you sailing in?
 Declare to us the same.
 Our vessel is the ark of God,
 And Christ our Captain's name.

CHORUS.

Then we'll hoist every sail, Each sailor ply his oar; The night begins to wear away, We soon shall reach the shore.

- 2 Pray, what's the port to which you sail?
 Declare to us straightway.
 The New Jerusalem's our port,
 The realms of endless day.
- 3 And are you not afraid some storm Your bark will overwhelm? We cannot fear, the Lord is near, Our Father's at the helm.
- 4 Our compass is the sacred Word, Our anchor, blooming hope; The love of God our main top-sail, And faith our cable rope.
- 5 We've looked astern, and many toils The Lord has brought us through: We're looking now ahead, and lo! The "land" appears in view.
- 6 The sun is up, the clouds are gone, The heavens above are clear; The city bright appears in sight, We're getting round the pier.
- 7 And when we all are landed safe
 On the celestial plain,
 Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb
 For rebel sinners slain!"

I Jerusalem, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glorious to behold; Thy gates are richly made of pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.

- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks My study long have been; Such dazzling views by human sight Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If such thy holy city, Lord, Why should we linger here? —

- Still cleaving to this vile abode, Nor wish thee to appear?
- 5 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace To keep in view the prize, Till thou dost come to take us home To that blest paradise.
- 6 When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first begun.

L. M.

60. Hebron.

- 1 Yes, He will come though Pharisee And learned Doctors disagree; Though many wise and great oppose, And fearless rally with his foes.
- 2 For it hath ever pleased the Lord, That such should stumble at his word; While babes and humble souls receive His spirit's teachings, and believe.
- 3 Then fear not, He will surely come, And take his waiting servants home; But closer to the Scriptures cling, From which alone true light shall spring.
- 4 The Bible! now what glories shine In its unvarnished truths divine; Tho' long in sackcloth shades concealed, Its mysteries are at length unsealed.
- 5 And we rejoice with joy untold, To see its latest signs unfold; For now we "KNOW the summer's near," And hail the glorious advent here.

61. C. M.

- 1 There is a safe and secret place
 Beneath the wings divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
 Oh, be that refuge mine.
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide, Unmjured and unawed; While thousands fall on every side, He rests secure in God.
- 3 He feeds in pastures large and fair, Of love and truth divine; O child of God, O glory's heir!
 - O child of God, O glory's heir! How rich a lot is thine!
- 4 A hand almighty to defend, An ear for every call, An honored life, a peaceful end, Eternal life crowns all!





"Pilgrim." Concluded.



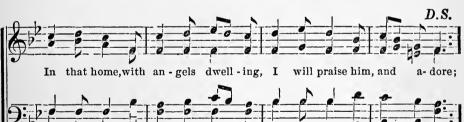




TRANSPORT. 8s & 7s.

GEO. E. LEE.



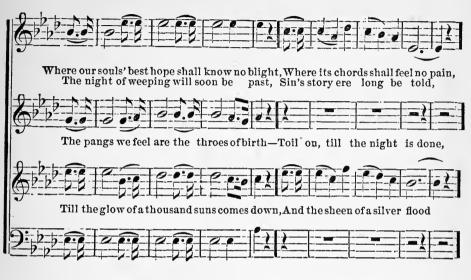


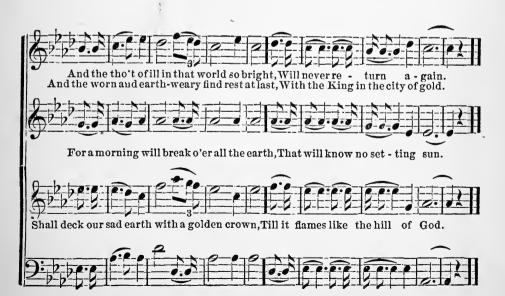
- 2 Of that pure and living fountain, Soon, if faithful, I shall taste, And that high and holy mountain, I shall seek with utmost haste: There where living water's flowing, In the new Jerusalem; There's the home to which I'm going, Trusting in the Saviour's name.
- 3 If I would that home inherit, I must seek to overcome; Purchased by a Saviour's merit, Thankful be to God's dear Son:
- Only through the precious Saviour,
 Is my hope of heaven secure;
 I will pray and still endeavor,
 That my life shall all be pure.
- 4 Blessed Saviour, O! come quickly!
 Thou in whom I put my trust;
 Then may I obtain the vict'ry,
 And be numbered with the just.
 'Tis for Thee I long have waited,—
 Thou wilt come, and that to save;
 To the meek and lowly-minded,
 Life eternal Thou wilt give.

Hope and Joy.



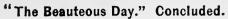
"Redemption." Concluded.

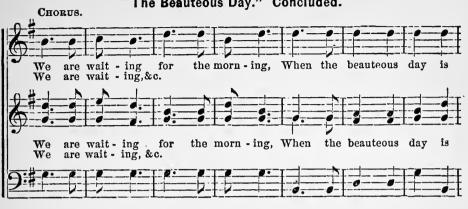




THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.









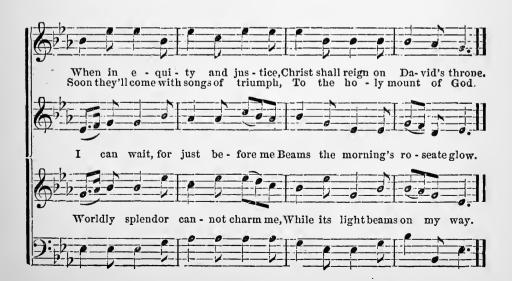


"WAITING."



"Waiting." Concluded.





BEAUTIFUL EDEN.



"Beautiful Eden." Concluded.





We will stand, stand the storm; It will

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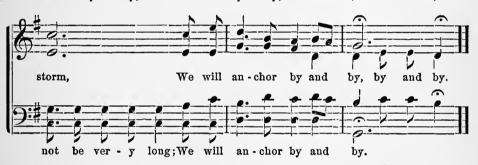
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"We'll Stand the Storm." Concluded.



anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will



- 3 Yes, they shall live for evermore, Secure from toil and pain; And on that bright and bappy shore, With their Redeemer reign. -CHO.
- 4 All hail that bright, eternal day,
 When David's rightful heir
 Shall take the throne and hold the sway,
 In glorious triumph there.—Cho.

Glory to God in the highest.

TUNE. - "We'll Stand the Storm."

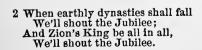
- 1 Mortals, awake, with angels join, And chant the solemn lay; Joy, love and gratitude combine To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the night, Lay all the eastern world, When, bursting, glorious, heavenly light, The wondrous scene unfurled.
- 8 Hark! the cherubic armies shout, And glory leads the song; Good-will and peace are heard throughout Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 4 Ofor a glance of heavenly love, Our hearts and songs to raise; Sweetly to bear our souls above, And mingle with their lays,
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat, Glory to God on high! Good-will and peace are now complete, Jesus was born to die!
 - 6 Hail! Prince of life, forever hail! Redeemer, brother, friend; Though earth and time and life should fail Thy praise shall never end.



- 4 Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng, Jesus, &c. Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong, Jesus, &c. Cho.
- 5 Nations are angry, by this we do know, Jesus is coming again! Knowledge increases; men run to and fro, Jesus, &c. — Cho.
- 6 Then, weeping ones, join in this glad refrain, Jesus, &c. Now list'ning angels re-echo the strain, Jesus, &c. Cho.
- 7 Lov'd ones now slumb'ring in death will awake, Jesus, &c. Then will our Saviour the prison-bands break, Jesus, &c. — Cho.
- 8 Soon we will wing our glad flight through the air, Jesus, &c. Enter the kingdom, its glories to share, Jesus, &c. Cho.



Shout the song of vict'ry, Shout, Shout, The glo - ri- ous Ju - bi - lee.



- 8 The captor then shall captive be, We'll shout the Jubilee; And Rachel's children shall be free, We'll shout the Jubilee.
- 4 O how the ransomed host will sing, And shout the Jubilee; O'er conquer'd grave, and death its king, We'll shout the victory.
- 5 When earth's dread night of gloom is o'er, We'll shout the Jubilee: And thorns and thistles rise no more, We'll shout the Jubilee.
- 6 When all in earth, and air, and sky, Shall blend in symphony, And praise the Lord in harmony, We'll shout the Jubilee.
- 7 O what a thrilling shout 'twill be Eternal victory From sin and death, and Satan free, A glorious Jubilee.

73. O for a closer walk with God. C. M. 2 We'll gladly exchange A world like this,

1 There's not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heaven" to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world where all is glad,
And sorrow dwells not there.

2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home
Within my bosom swell:
A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
Where all the ransomed come,
And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.

74. Hendon.

78.

- 1 Jesus comes with all his grace, Comes to fill the earth with peace; Object of our glorious hope, Jesus comes to raise us up!
- 2 He hath our salvation wrought; He our precious souls hath bought; He hath reconciled to God; He hath washed us in his blood.
- 3 We shall gain our calling's prize; After Christ we all shall rise, Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace, Perfected in holiness.
- 4 Let us then rejoice in hope, Steadily to Christ look up; Trust to be redeemed by him, Wait, till he appear again.
- 5 "Hasten, Lord, the advent day," Let thy every servant say; Hasten to display thy power, Raise us up to die no more!

75.

1 This groaning earth is too dark and drear
For the saints' eternal home;
But the city from heaven will soon appear,
And we know that the moment is drawing
near
When she in her glory shall come.

When sne in her gloty shan come.

Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,
And her music we soon shall hear;
Joyous and bright our home shall be,
And we'll walk in the shadow of Life's fair
tree.

With our Saviour for evermore.

We'll gladly exchange & world like this,
Where death triumphant reigns,
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss,
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
And nothing can enter that pains.
There is no more sorrow and no more night,
For the darkness shall flee away;
The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,
And the saints shall walk with him in white
In that happy, eternal day.

3 Oh, there the loved of earth shall meet, Whom death has sundered here; The prophets and patriarchs there we'U greet,

And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,
No more separation to fear.
Though trials and griefs await us here,
The conflict will soon be o'er;
This glorious hope our hearts doth cheer,
For we know that the Saviour will soon

appear, And then we shall grieve no more.

76.

Woodland.

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the Christian's hope to me, While here I'm call'd to roam; It points me to a better land That I may call my home.
- 2 This hope reminds me of the time When Jesus will appear; It gives me joy, it gives me peace, It drives away my fear.
- 3 When darkness hovers o'er my path, And I no light can see, This hope sustains my drooping heart, And bids me joyful be.
- 4 When friends that once I loved so well, Leave me alone to sigh, This hope bids me rejoice and sing, For my redemption's nigh.
- 5 This hope—it purifies my heart, And turns my night to day; It plants my feet upon the Rock, Aud keeps me in the way.
- 6 The day is near—O joyful thought,
 When I shall gain the prize;
 This hope will then be turned to sight
 Before my wondering eyes.

Exhortation.

C.M.

- 1 How cheering is the Christian's hope,
 While toiling here below!
 It buoys us up while passing thro'
 This wilderness of woe.
- 2 It points us to a land of rest,
 Where saints with Christ will reign,
 Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
 And uever part again.
- 3 A land where sin can never come, Temptations ne'er annoy; Where happiness will ever dwell, And that without alloy.
- 4 O how unlike the present world
 Will be the one to come!
 Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,
 Attend where'er we roam.

78.

Howard.

C. M.

- 1 Thine oath and promise, mighty God, Recorded in thy word, Become our hope's foundation broad, And surety afford.
- 2 Like Abraham, the friend of God, Thy faithfulness we prove; We tread in paths the fathers trod, Blest with thy light and love.
- 3 Largely our consolation flows,
 While we expect the day
 That ends our griefs, and pains, and woes,
 And drives our fears away.
- 4 Let floods of mighty vengeance roll, And compass earth around; Let thunder sound from pole to pole, And earthquakes vast astound;
- 6 Let nature all convulse and shake, And angry nations rage; Thy name our hiding-place we make; To save thou dost engage.

79. Shall We Gather at the River?

1 Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river; Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our humble hearts deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints, whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

80. Meriden. p. 56. S. M

- 1 No slacker grows the fight, No feebler is the foe, No less the need of armor tried, Of shield, and spear, and bow.
- 2 Nor less we feel the blank Of earth's still absent King; Whose presence is of all our bliss The everlasting spring.
- 3 Thus onward still we press,
 Thro' evil and thro' good,
 Thro' pain, and poverty, and want,
 Thro' peril and thro' blood.
- 4 Still faithful to our God, And to our Captain true; We follow where he leads the way, The Kingdom in our view.

81. Turner.

C. M.

- 1 Sweet rivers of redeeming love
 I see before me lie;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly.
- 2 I'd rise superior to my pain, With joy outstrip the wind, I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main, And leave the world behind.
- 3 A few more days, or months, at most,
 My troubles will be o'er;
 I hope to join the heavenly host
 On Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast In love's unbounded sea; The glorious hope of endless rest Is ravishing to me.
- 5 O, come, my Saviour, come away, And bear me to the sky! Nor let thy chariot wheels delay; Make haste and bring it nigh.
- 6 I long to see thy glorious face, And in thine image shine; To triumph in victorious grace, And be forever thine.

82.

Boy!ston.

S. M.

- In expectation sweet,
 We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
 Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
 And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes, the Conq'ror comes; Death falls beneath his sword; The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs, And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake! Ye dead, to judgment come!" The pillars of creation shake, While man receives his doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
 Who love the ways of peace!
 No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
 Or shade their perfect bliss.

83. Bartimens.

8s & 7s.

1 This is not my place of resting; Mine's a city yet to come;

- Onwards to it I am hasting, On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory, O'er it shines a nightless day; Every trace of sin's sad story, All the curse has passed away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads we By the streams of life along; On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary, Soon we bid farewell to pain; Nevermore be sad or weary, Never, never sin again.

84.

Ariel.

C. P. M.

- 1 O glorious hope of heav'nly love!
 It lifts me up to things above;
 It bears on eagle's wings;
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus, priests and kings,
 With Jesus, priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain top
 See all the land below:
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of Paradise
 In endless plenty grow,
 In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favored with God's peculiar smile;
 With every blessing blest;
 There dwells the Lord, our righteousnes.
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest,
 And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess!
 This moment end my toilsome years
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fearsA howling wilderness!
 A howling wilderness!

85. Forever with the Lord.

S. M. Double.

- 1 The church has waited long
 Her absent Lord to see;
 And still in loneliness she waits;
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still in weeds of widowhood
 She weeps, a mourner yet.
 Mourner yet, mourner yet,
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 2 Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived, and loved, and died;
 And as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side;
 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn;
 We laid them but to ripen there,
 Till the last glorious morn.
 Glorious morn, glorious morn,
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
- The serpent's brood increase,
 The powers of hell grow bold;
 The conflict thickens, faith is low,
 And love is waxing cold.
 How long, O Lord our God,
 Holy, and true, and good,
 Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
 Her sighs and tears and blood?
 Tears and blood, tears and blood,
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 4 We long to hear Thy voice,
 To see Thee face to face,
 To share Thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share thy grace.
 Should not the loving bride
 The absent bridegroom mourn?
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief
 Until her Lord return?
 Lord return, Lord return,
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 5 The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear that voice,
 That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
 Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.
 World again, world again,
 Come, the2, Lord Jesus, come!

85. Anvern.

L. M.

- 1 In love, the Father's sinless child Sojourned at Nazareth for me; With sinners dwelt the undefiled, The Holy Oue, in Galilee.
- 2 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore, Became a man of griefs for me; In love, though rich, becoming poor, That I through him enriched might be
- 3 Though Lord of all, above, below, He went to Olivet for me; There drank the cup of wrath and woe, When bleeding in Gethsemane.
- 4 The ever-blessed Son of God
 Went up to Calvary for me;
 There gave his blood, there bore the load,
 In his own body on the tree.
- 5 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies, Went down into the grave for me; There overcame my enemies, There won the glorious victory.
- 6 In love the whole dark path He trod, To consecrate a way for me: Each bitter footstep marked with blood, From Bethlehem to Calvary.

Hope.

68.

- Come nearer, nearer still, Let not thy light depart;
 Bend, break this stubborn will, Dissolve this iron heart.
- 2 Less wayward let me be, More pliable and mild; In glad simplicity, More like a trustful child.
- 3 Less, less of self each day, And more, my God, of thee; O keep me in the way, However rough it be.
- 4 Less of the flesh each day, Less of the world and sin; More of thy Son, I pray, More of Thyself within.
- 5 More moulded to Thy will, Lord, let Thy servant be, Higher and higher still, Liker and liker Thee.

87. Jerusalem.

C. M.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears,
 To our believing eyes;
 The earth and seas have passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.

Сно.—O, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides, That holy, happy place; The New Jerusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.—CHO.

3 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing, "Mortals, behold the sacred seat Of your descending King!—Cho.

4 "The God of glory down to men Removes his blest abode; Men are the objects of his love, And he their gracious God.—Cho.

 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, And death itself shall die.—Cho.

3 How bright the vision! O, how long Shall this glad hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day. — Cho.

88. Beautiful Zion.

- 1 Beautiful Zion built above,
 Beautiful city that I love,
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple God its light;
 He who was slain on Calvary,
 Opens those pearly gates to me.
- 2 Beautiful heaven where all is light, Beautiful angels clothed in white, Beautiful strains that never tire, Beautiful harps through all the choir: There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet
- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing, Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour sce, Haste to this heavenly home with me

89.

Come Away.

- 1 O hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended, Our Lord has come to take us home; O hail, happy day; No more by doubts or fears distressed, We now shall gain our promised rest, And be forever blest; O hail, happy day.
- 2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over; The Jubilee proclaims us free; O hail, happy day; The day that brings a sweet release, That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace, And bids our sorrows cease; O hail, happy day.
- 3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows, That brings us joy without alloy, O hail, happy day; There peace shall wave her sceptre high, And love's fair banner greet the eye, Proclaiming victory; O hail, happy day.
- 4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory; Thy blessed light breaks on our sight, O hail, happy day; Fair Beulah's fields before us rise, And sweetly burst upon our eyes, The joys of Paradise; O hail, happy day.
- 5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in gladness, And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb, O hail, happy day. Where life's pellucid waters glide, Safe by the dear Redeemer's side, Forever we'll abide; O hail, happy day.

90. Cambridge.

C. M.

- 1 O joyful sound of gospel grace! Christ shall on earth appear; I, even I shall see his face; Shall see him ever here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reached out I view;
 Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
 And wear it as my due.
- 8 The promised rest from Pisgah's top I now rejoice to see: My hope is full! O glorious hope! Of immortality!

91. Happy Day.

L. M.

- 1 "A little while," our Lord shall come And we shall wander here no more, He'll take us to our Father's home Where he for us has gone before.
- CHO. Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away,
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 "A little while," he'll come again; Let us the precious hours redeem. Our only grief to give him pain; Our joy to serve and follow him.
- 3 "A little while," 'twill soon be past, Why should we shun the shame and cross? O let us in his footsteps haste, Counting for him all else but loss!
- 4 "A little while," come, Saviour, come!
 For thee thy church has tarried long!
 Take thy poor, wearied pilgrims home,
 To sing the new eternal song.

92.

Pisgah.

C. M.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven.
This earth, he cries, will be my place,
No other place is given;
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight—
The earth restored for me.

- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
 While waiting here we stay.
 We feel the resurrection powers,
 And antedate that day;
 We know the resurrection's near,
 Our life in Christ is sure,
 And with his glorious presence here,
 Our hopes would be secure.
- 3 O would he now the trumpet blow!
 Then, like our Lord we'd rise,
 Our bodies fully ransomed, go
 To take the glorious prize;
 On him, with rapture then, I'll gaze,
 Who bought the bliss for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace,
 Through all eternity.

93.

Victory.

10s.

- I Joyfully, joyfully onward I roam
 Bound for the land of the bright world to
 Angelic choristers welcome me on, [come,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
 Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe,
 Home to the land of the righteous I'll go,
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
- 2 Friends fondly cherished now sleep in the ground, But they'll awake when the last trump shall

sound,
Singing to cheer me as upward I soar,

Joyfully, meeting my Lord in the air.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I'll hear,
Ringing with harmony heaven's high
Joyfully, joyfully haste to my home. [dome,

3 Death with his weapons of war has laid low Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow; Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb; Joyfully, joyfully they will come home. Bright will the morn of eternity dawn, Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone; Joyfully then, shall I witness his doom; Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

94. Resurrection Morning.

1 Glory to God! the night is almost o'er, And we'll shout halleiujah in the morning, Soon shall we meet on Eden's blissful shore, And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.

Cho. — In the morning, in the morning, In the resurrection morning, Sweetly we'll sing the praises of our King, And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.

- 2 Jesus is coming. soon he'll rend the sky, And we'll shout &c., Lift up your heads, redemption draweth nigh, And we'll shout &c. — CHO.
- 3 Soon we shall rest where living waters And we'll shout &c., [flow, Sickness and sorrow never more to know, And we'll shout &c. — CHO.
- 4 Come, blessed Saviour, come, O quickly And we'll shout &c., [come, Take us, we pray, to glory's fadeless home, And we'll shout &c.—Cho.

95. The Captive's Lament. C. M.

- 1 On time's tempestuous ocean wide,
 A gallant ship set sail;
 And out into the raging deep
 She stood before the gale;
 Well fitted to abide the storm,
 And angry waters' foam,
 And bring the captives that she bore,
 Unto her haven home.
- 2 Long was to be her voyage the time, Six thousand years almost —
 Ere she would make the highland height, Along the heavenly coast;
 Yet with her sails expanded wide, On, on she swiftly flew:
 Bearing with ardent hope and love, Her passengers and crew.
- 3 Oft tempests have assailed her round, And stormy winds rose high; And dark have been the mountain waves, That bore her to the sky;

But o'er them all, with steady helm, She onward pressed her way; Her compass, true unto the pole, Guides her to endless day.

- 4 Long, long she has been out, and now She nears her haven home;
 A beacon light hangs o'er her bow, And bids her thither come.
 And voices joyful oft are heard, And music swelling high;
 The land! the land! the land ahead!
 With rapture now they cry.
- 5 Now soon will she be safely moor'd, And anchored in the bay:
 And all her passengers on shore, Will keep a festal day:
 And long their songs of joy will rise, Beneath high heaven's dome—
 They've passed the stormy sea of time, They've reached their haven home.

98.

Howard.

C. M.

- My soul is happy when I hear The Saviour is so nigh;
 I long to see his sign appear Upon the op'ning sky.
- 2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray, And trust his living word, And feel the coming of that day No longer is deferred.
- 3 I do rejoice that life was given
 In these last days to me,
 That deathless I may rise to heaven,
 And my Redeemer see.
- 4 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing; He will not tarry long; And fill with love the hours that bring The glory of our song.
- 5 Yes, he will come, no longer fear, Though earth and hell assail; His Word attests the moment near, And that can never fail.

8s, 6s, 7s, 6s.

- 1 He is coming; and the tidings Sweep through the willing air, With hope that ends forever Time's ages of despair.
- 2 Old earth from dreams and slumber Wakes up and says, Amen; Land and ocean bid him welcome, Flood and forest join the strain.
- 3 Yes, he, thy King is coming
 To end thy woes and wrongs,
 To give thee joy for mourning,
 To turn thy sighs to songs.

98.

Antioch.

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord will come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Lord shall reign!.

 Let men their songs employ;

 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 8 No more shall sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He'll rule the world with truth and grace, And make the nations prove The glories of his righteousness And wonders of his love.

99.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Star of our hope! He'll soon appear! O, shout and sing hosanna! The last loud trumpet speaks him near! Hosanna! sing hosanna!
 - Сно.—Eternal life! Eternal life!
 We have it through our Saviour!
 Eternal life! Eternal life!
 O, come and live forever.
- 2 Hail him, all saints, from pole to pole, And raise one loud hosanna! How welcome to the faithful soul! How worthy our hosanna!
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 While rings one grand hosanna,
 He claims the kingdoms as his own;
 All nations shout hosanna!
- 4 The saints rejoice—they shout, they sing, With rapture chant hosannas; And hail him their triumphant King! Forever sing hosannas!

100.

Hail to the Brightness.

11s & 10s.

- 1-Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage returning! Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing; Streams ever copious are gliding along; Lond from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing; Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See the dead risen from land and from ocean;
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high:
 Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Edinburg.

118.

- 1 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near, Our glorious Deliv'rer will soon, soon appear; In clouds of bright glory, to our rescue he'll come, And angels will haif us to our heavenly home. Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen!
- 2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
 On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear;
 With harps tun'd celestial, our rescue he'll come,
 And angels will hail us to our heavenly home.
 Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.
- 8 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
 'Tis the voice of th' archangel, methinks, that I hear,
 Arousing the nations, awaking the dead
 From their cold, dusty pillows, where long they have laid.
 Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.
- 4 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near, Rejoice, then, ye pilgrims, your redemption is uear; The promis'd possession we soon shall receive, And with Jesus in glory eternally live. Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen

102.

Heavenly Home.

11s.

- 1 My hope is in heaven—till Jesus appear,
 Then why should I mourn when trials are near?
 Be hushed, my sad spirit—the worst that can come
 But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.
- 2 A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss,
 Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this;
 I look for a mansion which hands have not piled,—
 I long for a city by sin undefiled.
- 3 Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose,
 They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
 Come joy or come sorrow—the worst may befall
 One moment in glory makes up for them all.
- 4 The thorn and the thistle, around me may grow, I would not repose me on roses below; I ask not my portion—I seek not my rest, Till seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.
- 5 No scrip for my journey—no staff in my hand, A pilgrim impatient I press to that land; The path may be rugged, it cannot be long— With hope I'll beguile it, and cheer it with song.

P. M.

- 1 In the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest;
 And my Saviour will not tarry
 To fulfil my soul's request.
 There is rest for the weary, [Repeat.]
 There is rest for you;
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.
- 2 Jesus comes to plant a kingdom, That eternally shall stand, And nothing shall be transient In that holy, happy land.
- 8 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that celestial centre, I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished, And its sting shall be withdrawn, Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed, Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory, Shout your triumph as you go, Zion's gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance through.

104.

Switzer.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Weary pilgrim, why this sadness,
 Why, 'mid sorrow's scenes decline?
 The "trial strange" brings joy and gladness;
 For all things shall yet be thine;
 Oh! yes, all things shall yet be thine!
- 2 Earth anew, with robe of glory, Shall rejoice in hill and vale; And sweetest harpings tell the story Of the love that could not fail! Oh! yes, the love that could not fail.
- 8 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
 Where joy's gushing songs arise;
 Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure
 In the new earth, Paradise!
 Yes, in the new earth Paradise.
- 4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness, To Mount Zion thou art come! Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness, And rejoice in thy blest home! Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home.

105. Lanesboro.

C. M.

- That is the city of the saints,
 Where we so soon shall stand,
 When we shall strike these desert tents,
 And quit this desert sand.
- 2 Fair vision! how thy distant gleam Brightens time's saddest hue; Far fairer than the fairest dream, And yet so strangely true!
- 3 Thy light makes ev'n the darkest page In memory's scroll grow fair; Blanching the lines which tears and age Had only deepened there.
- 4 With thee in view, how poor appear The world's most winning smiles; Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare, And vain hell's varied wiles.
- 5 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
 And welcome sorrow too!
 All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
 With such a prize in view.
- 6 Come crown and throne, come robe and palm!
 Burst forth glad streams of peace!
 Come, holy city of the Lamb!
 Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

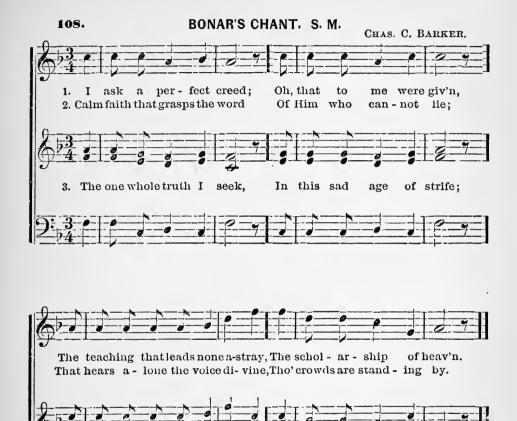
103. Brattle Street. C. M.

- 1 How oft the morn has cheated us, As with unsleeping eye We lay upon our silent couch, And watched the changing sky.
- 2 'Tis thus, beguiled with fond desire, And sick with hope deferred, The watching Church, with eager ear, The well-known cry has heard:—
- 3 Age after age, in love and faith, She has with longing eye, Been watching every streak of dawn In yon perplexing sky.
- 4 The morn shall come; nay, He himself,
 Brighter than morn's best ray,
 Shall come to bid the night depart,
 And bring at last the day.
- 5 'Twas not in vain she kept the watch, When all around her slept; 'Twas not in vain she waited thus, And loved, and longed, and wept.
- 6 It dawns at last, the long-loved morn,
 It comes, the meeting-day,
 And in its joys shall be forgot
 The sorrows of delay.





- 4 Come, for thy foes are strong;
 With taunting lips they say,
 "Where is the promised advent now,
 And where the dreaded day?"
- 5 Come, for the good are few; They lift the voice in vain, Faith waxes fainter on the earth, And love is on the wane.
- 6 Come, for the truth is weak, And error pours abroad Its subtle poison o'er the earth,— An earth that hates her God.
- 7 Come, for the grave is full, Earth's tombs no more can hold; The sated sepulchres rebel, And groans the heaving mould.
- 8 Come, for the corn is ripe, Put in the sickle now, Reap the great harvest of the earth,— Sower and reaper thou!
- 9 Come and make all things new, Build up this ruined earth, Restore our faded Paradise, Creation's second birth.



The truth of Him who is the Truth, And in whose truth

- 4 Truth which contains true rest;
 Which is the grave of doubt;
 Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
 And casts the falsehood out.
- 5 O True One, give me truth!

 And let it quench in me

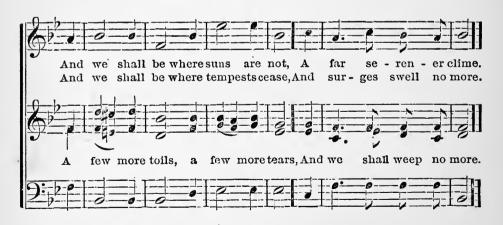
 The thirst of this long-craving heart,

 And set my spirit free.

S. M. BRADEN.

By permission of Biglow & Main, successors of WM. B. Bradbury.

WM. B. BRADBURY. few more suns shall set O'er these dark nills few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock few more strug-gles few more part - ings o'er. here, A



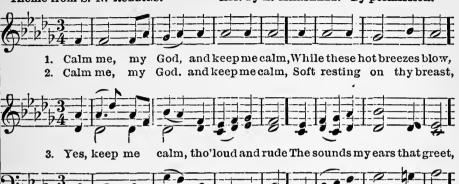
4 'Tis but a little white, And He shall come again, Who died that we might live, who lives, O wash me in thy precious blood, That we with Him may reign.

5 Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that glad day; And take my sins away.

NOEL. C. M.

Theme from S. N. ROBBINS.

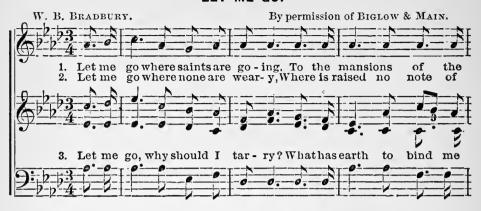
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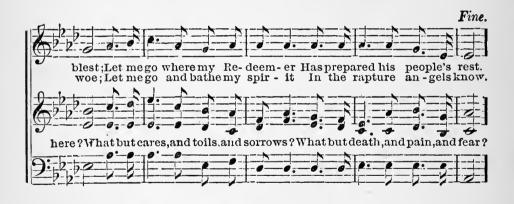




- 4 Calm in the hours of buoyant health, Calm in my hours of pain, Calm in my poverty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain.
- 5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
 Like him who bore my shame,
 Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
 Who hate thy holy name.

LET ME GO.



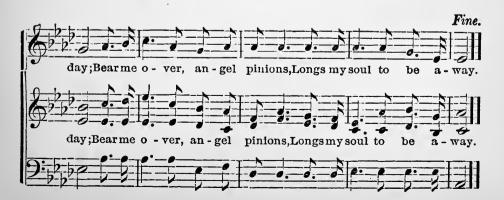




"Let Me Go." Concluded.









- 4 Letall thypains, thy prayers, thy cries, Be set before my tearful eyes, Till I can suffer like my Lord, Nor utter a complaining word.
- 5 And when thy saints, a conquering throng,
 Shall come with crowns, and palms, and song,
 Then I, victorious o'er each foe,
 A life of sinless peace shall know.

ADMIRATION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. MARSHALL. By permission.





^{*} This beautiful melody came to our ears by the sweet voice of a colored sister, at an evening meeting, in July, 1867. We were on the Enfield, Ct. camp ground. Those who were present will never forget the impression it made. I now present it with an original harmony, and with the words then sung.— C. C. B.

"Remember Me." Concluded.



- 4 It was so dark I could not see, &c. Till Jesus brought the light to me; Dear Lord, remember me. - CHO.
- 5 Soon God will say the work is done, &c. And give the kingdom to his Son, Dear Lord, remember me. - Сно.
- 6 Soon Christ will call his saints to reign, &c. And they shall shout the glad amen: Dear Lord, remember me. - CHo.
- 7 The time the wise shall understand, &c. They say the day is just at hand: Dear Lord, remember me. - CHO.

115.

Siloam.

C. M.

- 1 I feel the breezes as they blow, Fierce on this mortal shore, And fear that death is coming nigh To enter through my door.
- 2 Pain, sickness, anguish, mixed with I know, says faith, there's perfect fear,

Cause me to seek for aid: I cry to heaven — the answer comes, "My child, be not afraid!"

- 3 I know unless the Conqueror comes. And gives eternal life, A few short years and I must fall In this sad mortal strife.
- 4 I feel the breezes as they blow From yon celestial hills,

- And O, the healing balm they bring My soul with health it fills.
- 5 All pain and sickness flee away. And there's no death to fear.
 - health And lasting pleasure here.
- 6 Bless'd are the souls that reach this land Where sorrow is unknown; Peace like a river fills the earth, And glory from the throne.
- 7 Come, mortal, with me to that land So bright, so goodly, fair; Here all is sadness, care and toil, But rest and joy are there.





- 3 True words of grief for sin, Of longing to be free, Of groaning for deliverance And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 True words of faith and hope, Of godly joy and grief; Lord, I believe, oh, hear my cry, Help Thou mine unbelief.

117. Christmas. p. 29. C. M.

- Lord, give me light to do thy work, For only, Lord, from Thee Can come the light by which these eyes The way of work can see.
- i In plainest things I daily err,
 When walking in the light
 The wisdom of this world affords,
 However fair and bright.
- 8 The way is narrow, often dark,
 With lights and shadows strewn;
 I wander oft, and think it Thine,
 When walking in my own.
- 4 Oh! send me light to do thy work!
 More light, more wisdom, give!
 Then shall I work thy work indeed,
 While on Thine earth I live.
- 5 So shall success be mine, in spite Of feebleness in me; Beyond all disappointment, then, And failure I shall be.

118. Missionary Chant. L. M.

- 1 Spirit of everlasting grace, Infinite source of life, come down; These tombs unlock, these dead upraise, Thy glorious power and love make known.
- 2 Breathe o'er this valley of the dead, Send forth thy quickening might abroad, Till, rising from their tombs, they spread, In full array,—the host of God.
- 3 Thy heritage lies desolate, And all thy pleasant places mourn; O look upon our low estate, In loving kindness, Lord, return.
- 4 Now let thy glory be revealed, Now let thy presence with us rest; O heal us, and we shall be healed! O bless us, and we shall be blest!

119. Lanesboro. C. M.

- 1 When fainting in the sultry waste, And parched with thirst extreme, The weary pilgrim longs to taste The cool, refreshing stream.
- 2 So longs the weary, fainting mind, Oppressed with sins and woes, Some soul-reviving spring to find, Whence heavenly comfort flows.

- 3 O may I thirst for thee, my God, With ardent, strong desire; And still, through all this desert road, To taste thy grace aspire.
- 4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend, A grateful sacrifice; My mourning voice thou wilt attend, And grant me full supplies.

120. Chelmsford. C, M.

- 1 O, for a heart to praise my God;
 A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me:
- 2 An humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean, Which neither life nor death can part From Him who dwells within;
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed, And filled with love divine; Perfect, and right, and pure, and good— A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above; Write thy new name upon my heart— Thy new best name of love.

121. O for a Closer Walk. C. M.

- 1 O, for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain Beneath the chast'ning rod; But in the hour of grief or pain, Can lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown;
 - Nor heeds its scornful smile; That sin's wild ocean cannot drown, Nor its soft arts beguile;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way, By truth restrained and led, And with a pure and heavenly ray, Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

122. Berrien.

C. M.

- Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame,
 The fire of love supplies;
 While that which often bears the name
 Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild, Can pity and forbear; The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild, And breathes revenge and war.
- 8 Self may its poor reward obtain,
 And be applauded here;
 But zeal the best applause will gain,
 When Jesus shall appear.
- 4 O Lord, the idol self dethrone, And from our hearts remove; And let no zeal by us be shown But that which springs from love.

123. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my father's Throue, Make all my wants and wishes known.
- 2 In seasons of distress and grief, My heart has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 8 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition bear To him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting heart to bless.
- 4 And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

124. *Migdol*. L. M.

- 1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
 Through all the millions of the skies—
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's!
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God, to thee! And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!
- 8 Oh let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell— That not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

125. Come and Reign.

- 1 Come and reign—come and reign, Jesus, on thy throne; And oh! it fills my heart with joy To know we're almost home.
- 2 Here I drop the falling tear
 As Pilgrim-like I roam,
 Au exile from my Father's house,
 But soon he'll call me home.
- 3 Here amid life's changing scenes My cup of grief runs o'er; But there I'll share unmingled bliss On Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 Here I grieve the friends I love, And they in turn grieve me; But, O my Father, grant me grace, That I may not grieve thee.
- 5 Here disease invades our frames, We wither, droop, and die; But there eternal youth shall bloom. And bright shall beam each eye.
- 6 Here we meet and part again,
 As 'round and 'round we roam;
 But there we'll meet and part no more,
 And sweetly rest at Home.

123. God Speed the Truth. 8s & 4s.

- 1 Now to heaven our prayers ascending,
 God speed the truth!
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the truth!
 Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
 In the better land rewarded,
 God speed the truth! God speed the truth!
- 2 Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the truth!
 Ne'er despairing, ne'er defeated,
 God speed the truth!
 With the good in sacred story,
 We shall reign in fadeless glory,
 God speed the truth! God speed the truth!
- 3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the truth!
 Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the truth!
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,
- God speed the truth! God speed the truth!

 4 Still our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the truth!

 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the truth!

 Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,

Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it, There's no power on earth can stay it, God speed the truth! God speed the truth! C. M.

127. Lord's Prayer.

1 Our Father who in heaven art, Hallowed be thy name;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, In heav'n and earth the same.

Come my Saviour, O my Saviour, Come and bless thy people now; While at thy feet we humbly bow, O come and save us now. Then will we sing our sufferings o'er, And praise thee evermore; Then will we sing our suff'rings o'er, And praise thee evermore.

2 Give us this day our daily bread; Our trespasses forgive; As we forgive our fellow-men, May we thy grace receive. Come, my Saviour, &c.

3 And in temptation leave us not;
From evil us defend;
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,
Forever, without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

4 Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring
The kingdom down to men;
Thine is the glory evermore,
And kingdom without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

5 In that glad day shall all thy saints, A joyful tribute bring, Of praise and pow'r, of joy and song, To their exalted king. Come, my Saviour, &c.

128. Oh! Come to Reign! P. M.

1 Mark that pilgrim lowly bending, At the shrine of prayer ascending, Praise and sighs together blending From his lips in mournful strain; Glowing with sincere contrition, And with childlike, blest submission, Ever riseth this petition:— "Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

2 List again;—the low earth sigheth
And the blood of martyrs crieth
From its bosom, where there lieth
Millions upon millions slain:—
"Lord. how long, ere thy word given,
All the wicked shall be driven
From the earth by bolts of heaven?
Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling, Nations lie in woe appalling, On their sages vainly calling All these wonders to explain; While the slain around are lying, God's own little flock are sighing, And in secret places crying, "Jesus, come—oh come to reign." 4 Here the wicked lived securely,
Of to-morrow boasting surely,
While from those who're walking purely,
They extort dishonest gain;
Yea, the meek are burdened, driven.
Want and care to them are given,
But they lift the cry to heaven,
"Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

5 Christian, CHEER THEE—land is nearing, Still be hopeful—nothing fearing; Soon, in majesty appearing, You'll behold the Lamb once slain; Oh how joyful then to hear him, While all nations shall revere him, Saying to his flock who fear him, "I have come—on earth to reign."

129. Speed Away.

1 Speed away, speed away,
On thine errand of light,
The news of the kingdom
Being almost in sight.
It quickens our hope,
And we ardently pray—
O come, blessed Saviour,
No longer delay.
O, roll quickly onward

Ye slow hours of day. Cho.—Speed away, speed away, speed av ay.

2 Speed away, speed away,
Ye heralds of light;
Go forth in His power,
And strength of his might.
O tell the glad tidings,
To all his dear saints,
That Jesus is coming
To end their complaints.
O pray for his kingdom,
And make no delay.

3 Speed away, speed away,
Old time, on thy course;
While we are rejoicing,
The promise rehearse;
For great are the blessings
Which we shall receive
Of glory and honor
If we but believe.
Speed ye on, then, thou sun,
Stay not on the plain.

4 Speed away then, ye saints,
Speed ye on in your flight,
And think not to rest on
The dark plains of night.
But press for yon glory
That's shining for thee,
Where Christ is inviting
His saints to be free.
Speed away, do not tarry,
There's death if ye stay,
Speed away, speed away, speed away.

130. Bridgewater.

L. M.

- 1 Eternal power! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;
 In vain the tallest angel tries
 To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.
- 2 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
 And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name,
 But oh, the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 3 God is in heaven, but man below:
 Be short our tunes, our words be few:
 A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

131. Uxbridge. L. M.

- 1 When will the happy trump proclaim
 The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
 When shall the captive troops be free,
 And keep th' eternal jubilee?
- 2 Hasten it, Lord, in ev'ry land,— Send thou thine angels, and command: "Go sound deliv'rance—loudly blow "Salyation to the saints below!"
- 8 We long to have the day appear, The promised, great Sabbatic year; When, far from grief, and sin, and hell, Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 4 Till then, we will not let thee rest—
 Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
 And this our daily pray'r shall be,
 Lord, sound the trump of jubilee,

132. Coronation. C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- 8 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall:
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

133. Forever with the Lord. S. M. D

- 1 "Forever with the Lord!"
 Amen, so let it be;
 Life for the dead is in that word,
 "Tis immortality;
 Here 'neath the cross I'm bent,
 And absent from him roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high, Home of the blest, how near At times, to faith's aspiring eye, Thy golden gates appear! Ah, then my spirit faints, To reach the land I love; The bright inheritance of saints, The city from above.
- 3 Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease;
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
 Expands the bow of peace.

134. Laban.

S. M.

- 1 I love thy church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Jesus, thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every snare and foe Shall great deliv'rance bring.

135. Shirland.

S. M.

1 Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

8 How perfect is thy word!
And a'l thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 Our gracious God, how plain Are thy directions giv'n! Oh! may we never read in vain, But find the path to heav'n.

136. St. Thomas.

S. M.

1 With willing hearts we tread The path the Saviour trod; We love th'example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone, Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone, Who didst for sinners die!

3 We trust thy sacrifice:
To thy dear cross we flee;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee!

137.

Leon.

C. P. M.

O, could we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine!
We'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine. In notes, &c.

2 We'd sing the characters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Exalted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, We would to everlasting days, Make all his glories known. Make, &c.

8 O, the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face!
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace. Triumphant &c.

138.

Meribah.

C. P. M.

1 How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest;
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, the dearth, and din of war, Our Saviour's swift approach declare, And bid our hearts arise; Earth's basis shook confirms our hope; Its cities' fall but lifts us up To meet thee in the skies.

139.

Illinois.

8s & 7s.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pains we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

140. Sicily.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Praise to him, by whose kind favor, Heav'nly truth has reached our ears! May its sweet, reviving savor Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
 Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing, Fix, O God, in ev'ry heart; In the day of thy appearing May we share thy people's part.

141. Worthy is the Lamb.

1 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.

Сно.—Glory, hallelujah, Praise him, hallelujah, Glory, hallelujah To the Lamb.

- 2 Sons of morning, sing his praise, In the noblest strains you raise, Man's redemption claims your lays, Praise the Lamb.—Cho.
- 3 See, in sad Gethsemane, See, on tragic Calvary, Sinner, see his love to thee, Praise the Lamb.—Cho.
- 4 Penitents, dry up your tears, God hath heard believing prayers, He forgives you when he hears His dear Lamb.—Cho.
- 5 Thus may we each moment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still, Till we all on Zion's hill See the Lamb.—Cho.

142. Harwell. 8s, 7s, & 7s.

- 1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the notes of praise above!
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
 Jesus reigns the Lord of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.
- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thon shalt call thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring. O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."
 Hallelujah, &c.

143.

Ortonville.

C. M.

- Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow;
 His head with radiant glories crown'd,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare Among the sons of men; Fairer is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief; For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.
- 4 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine;
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

L. M.

7s.

L. M.

144. Woodstock.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord, All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head—his hands—his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing—so divine, Demands my soul—my life—my all.

145. Amboy.

1 To the name of God on high, God of might and majesty, God of heaven, and earth, and sea, Blessing, praise, and glory be.

2 To the name of Christ the Lord, Son of God, incarnate Word, Christ for whom all things were made, Be an endless honor paid.

8 To the Holy Spirit be Equal praise eternally, With the Father and the Son, One in name, in glory one.

4 Glorious is our God the Lord, Praises, then, with one accord To his holy name be given, By the sons of earth and heaven.

146. Anvern.

1 Praises to Him who built the hills; Praises to him the streams who fills; Praises to him who lights each star That sparkles in the blue afar.

2 Praises to Him whose love has given. In Christ his Son, the Life of heaven; Who for our darkness gives us light, And turns to day our deepest night.

8 Praises to Him, in grace who came, To bear our woe, and sin, and shame; Who lived to die, who died to rise, The God-accepted sacrifice. 4 Praises to Him the chain who broke, Opened the prison, burst the yoke, Sent forth its captives, glad and free, Heirs of an endless liberty.

5 Praises to Him who sheds abroad Within our hearts the love of God; The Spirit of all truth and peace, Fountain of joy and holiness!

147. Land of Rest.

C. M.

1 All that I was—my sin, my guilt, My death, was all my own; All that I am, I owe to thee, My gracions God alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state, The bondage, all was mine; The light of life in which I walk, The liberty is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin, It taught me to believe; Then, in believing, peace I found, And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, even here on earth, All that I hope to be, When Jesus comes and glory dawns, I owe it, Lord, to thee.

148. Missionary Hymn. L. M.

1 Nature, with all her powers, shall sing Her great Creator and her King; Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas, Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne, Begin to make his glories known; Tune high your harps, and spread the sound Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O, may our ardent zeal employ Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs! Let there be sung, with warmest joy, Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame Attempts in vain to reach thy name; The highest notes that angels raise Fall far below thy glorious praise.

8s & 7s.

Jesus my Trust.

- 1 Jesus, thou art still my Saviour;
 I will trust thee day by day:
 It shall be my great endeavor
 E'er to walk in thine own way;
 Though the path may all be darkness,
 And the way seem lone and drear,
 Still in Thee is joy and gladness,
 I will neither doubt nor fear.
- 2 Still my aim shall be to serve thee, I my cross for thee will bear, Thou hast promised to be with me, Thou wilt every burden share. Soon earth's trials will be over, Soon the day of rest will come; Then I hope to dwell forever In a happy, peaceful home.
- 8 Yes. behold! the light is dawning;
 Soon the clouds will pass away;
 Joyfully I hail the morning
 Of that bright, eternal day.
 Then around the throne in glory,
 Everlasting praise I'll sing;
 Thanks to him who gave the vict'ry,
 Glory to my God and King.

150. Northfield. C. M.

"Hinder me not."

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
 My journey I'll pursue;
 "Hinder me not." ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods, and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes;
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Through duties, and through trials, too, I'll go at his command;
 "Hinder me not," for I am bound To my Immanuel's land.

151. Brattle St. C. M. Double.

1 I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fee

- 2 From thee, that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart.
 The tender conscience give.
 Quick as the apple of the eye,
 O God, my conscience make;
 Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 And let me grieve my life away,
 For having grieved thy love.
 O! may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole

152. Penitence. 7, 6. & 88

- 1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood!
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride.
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain, 'Tis all but vanity; Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain, He tasted death for me! Me to save from guilt and woe, The sin-atoning victim died.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide.
- 4 Oh! that I could all invite
 This saving truth to prove:
 Show the length, and breadth, and hight.
 And depth of Jesus' love.
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The precious blood by faith applied.

153.

Hope.

6s.

Ortonville.

C. M

- 1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot: I would not if I might; Choose thou for me, my God, So shall I walk aright.
- 8 The kingdom that I seek
 Is thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
- 4 Choose thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health; Choose thou my cares for me, My poverty or wealth.
- 5 Not mine, nor mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom and my all.

154. Meriden. p. 56. S. M.

- 1 Not to ourselves again,
 Not to the flesh we live;
 Not to the world henceforth shall we
 Our strength, our being give.
- 2 The time past of our lives, Sufficeth to have wrought The fleshly will, which only ill Has to us ever brought.
- 8 No longer is our life
 A thing unused or vain;
 To us, even here, to live is Christ,
 For us to die is gain.
- 4 When he who is our life
 Appears, to take the throne,
 We too shall be revealed, and shine
 In glory like His own.
- 5 Shine as the sun shall we In the bright kingdom then; Our sky without a cloud or mist, Ourselves without a stain.
- 6 Like Him we then shall be Transformed and glorified; For we shall see Him as he is, And in his light abide.

1 To have, each day, the thing I wish, Lord, that seems best to me; But not to have the thing I wish, Lord, that seems best to thee.

2 'Tis hard to say without a sigh, Lord, let thy will be done;'Tis hard to say, My will is thine, And thine is mine alone.

- 3 Most truly then thy will is done, When mine, O Lord, is crossed; 'Tis good to see my plans o'erthrown, My ways in thine all lost.
- 4 Whate'er thy purpose be, O Lord, In things or great, or small, Let each minutest part be done, That thou may'st still be all.
- 5 In all the little things of life, Thyself, Lord, may I see; In little, and in great alike, Reveal thy love to me.
- 6 So shall my undivided life
 To thee, my God, be given;
 And all this earthly course below
 Be one dear path to heaven.

156. Dennis.

S. M.

- 1 Thou must deny thyself,
 And take up now thy cross;
 Choosing the narrow gate and way,
 Counting all gain but loss.
- 2 Watch and be sober still, Ye who have known the way; Not sons of midnight or of gloom, But of the light and day.
- 3 No truce with vanity,
 Or this world's idle show;
 Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride
 Of life thou must not know.
- 4 Dead to the world then be, In gayety and pride; To its vain pomp and beauty be For ever crucified!
- 5 Him whom ye love it smote,—
 The Christ that died for you;
 Love not the world that hated Him,
 The world thy Lord that slew.
- 6 Bright is the world to come,
 It will you well repay;
 So shall ye be true sons of God,
 And children of the day.

P. M. 10s, 11s,

- 1 O tell me no more of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
 A country I've found, where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe, in paradise live, And me in that number will Jesus receive; My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away, Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 8 No mortal doth know what he can bestow, What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go; Lo, onward I move to a city above, None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin, 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within; And when I'm to rise, receive me, I'll cry, For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
 So this is the race I'm running, through grace,
 Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare? In bondage, O why, and death will you lie, When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

15S.

11s & 10s.

- To Thee, to Thee alone, Lord, would I hearken, In this strange age of crude philosophy.
 The skies are clouding, and the shadows darken;
 It is not night, and yet it is not day.
- 2 They boast that all the wisdom is with them;

 They are the thinkers, we the credulous;

 They have the mind, and can think out all truth;

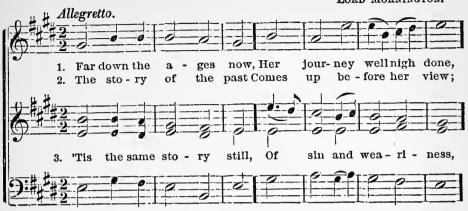
 We dream and dote upon the fabulous.
- 8 God's revelation is a word of hate; It speaks of fetters to the human mind. It says, Believe because thy God hath spoken; And thus in chains the intellect would bind.
- 4 Think on, think on, then; but the day draws nigh Which shall put all your vanities to shame; Think on, but know, that there is one who will. To think, as well as you, put in His claim.
- 5 His thoughts are not as yours, nor are his ways As your ways,—dubious, changeful, dark, unsure; His are the thoughts, eternal, infinite; Thoughts like Himself, unchanging, true, and pure.
- 6 For this is life eternal, Him to know, And Jesus Christ His Son whom He hath sent; And this is light, to walk in His dear love, Light brighter than the noon-bright firmament.

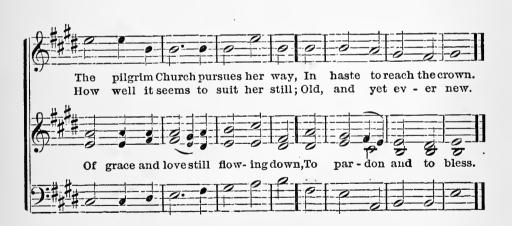
Experience.

159.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

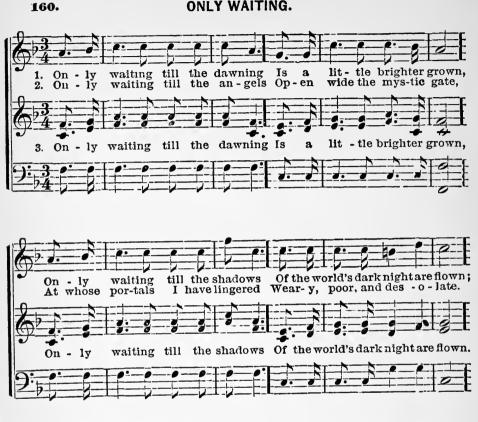
LORD MORNINGTON.

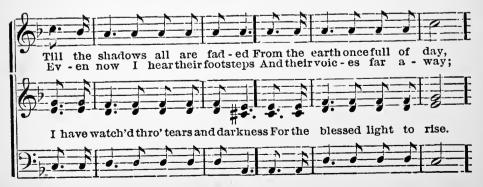




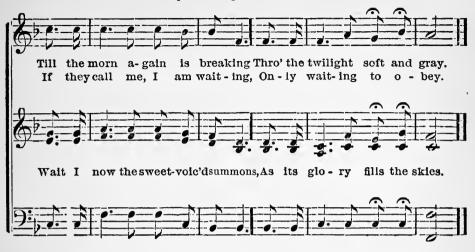
- 4 No wider is the gate,
 No broader is the way,
 No smoother is the ancient path,
 That leads to light and day.
- 5 No lighter is the load, Beneath whose weight we cry, No tamer grows the rebel flesh, Nor less our enemy.
- 6 No sweeter is the cup, Nor less our lot of ill;'Twas tribulation ages since, 'Tis tribulation still.
- 7 'Tis the old sorrow still,
 The briar and the thorn;
 And 'tis the same old solace yet, —
 The hope of coming morn.

ONLY WAITING.





"Only Waiting." Concluded.



161.

Palms of Victory.

1 I've seen nome way-worn travelers,
For twenty years or more,
Who left this world their Lord to see,
And gain bright Canaan's shore.
I've marked them scattered far and
wide—
An humble, praying flock;
They seem'd above the world and pride,
To stand on Christ, the rock.
Palms of victory—crowns of glory—
Palms of victory they shall wear.

2 I met them in the tented grove—
Oh! happy were those hours;
Their hearts pulsating with God's love,
Beneath the shady bowers.
I saw them when the time passed by—
Faith held them 'mid the shock;
Their strength was in their Lord on
high—

They stood upon the rock.

8 I've watched them now o'er twenty years; Hard trials some have bore, I've heard them weep, and seen their tears,

As sorrow's cup ran o'er.
'Twas TIME that severed many a tie,
TIME made proud scoffers mock,
And TIME now shows deliverance near
To those on Christ, the rock.

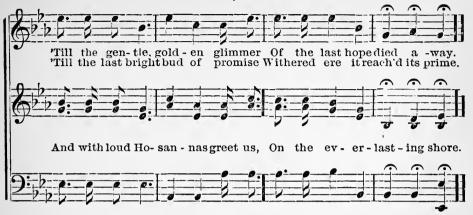
4 Good Daniel cried, How long, O Lord, Ere all these wonders end?
The answer's written in God's word:
"The wise shall understand."
That sacred promise God will keep,
And all the saints will raise; [sleep,
The trump of God shall break their
At the ending of the days.

5 Then, clad in raiment pure and white, All palms of victory bear; And crowns of glory, dazzling bright, The bride of Christ shall wear. Long as the throne of Christ shall stand, Redeemed from sin and pair., Inheritors of Canaan's land, With the Messiah reign.

Experience.



"Cherished Hopes." Concluded.



163. We're Tenting to-night.

1 We are tenting to-night on the old camp-ground, Singing our hymns of cheer; And waiting ones are gath'ring 'round, And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS. — Many dear saints are weary to-night,
As round the earth they roam;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
Wishing the Lord to come.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night —
Tenting on the camp-meeting ground;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night —
Tenting on the camp-meeting ground.

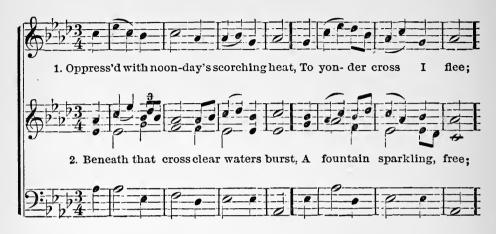
2 We're thinking to-night of the white-robed band, Who'll meet Him in the sky; And live and reign in the better land,— 'Tis coming by and by.

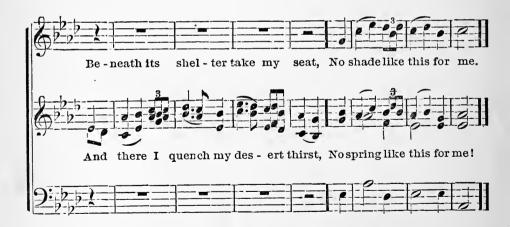
3 Shout! brothers, shout on the old camp-ground, Press toward the Eden bowers; Soon with the Lamb on the sea of glass, Victory will be ours.

4 We'll fight for our King on the old camp-ground, Rally, brothers, and pray; The pure in heart will have the crown, And reign in endless day.

5 We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground, Singing our hymns of cheer; And waiting ones are gath'ring 'round, And friends we love so dear.

DEW DROP. C. M.





- 3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent Beneath this spreading tree; Here shall my pilgrim life be spent; No home like this for me!
- 4 For burdened ones a resting-place, Beside that cross I see; Here I cast off my weariness; No rest like this for me!

165. Are we almost there? P. M.

- 1 "Are we almost there? are we almost there?" Says the weary saint, as he sighs for home; "Are those the verdant trees that rear Their stately forms 'mid heaven's bright dome?"
- 2 Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream That flows through the paradise of God; And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream To walk those golden streets abroad.
- 8 His eye is fixed on the world to come, He walks by faith through this vale of care, And oft inquires, as he draws near home, With anxious heart, "Are we almost there?"
- 4 They bid him look at the charms of earth, At the boasted trophies man doth rear, To enter the giddy halls of mirth—But ah! how vain do they all appear!
- 5 For he's had an earnest of those joys Which the righteous alone can ever share; He turns with contempt from these earthly toys, And fervently asks—"Are we almost there?"
- 6 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound, And to meet his Saviour in the air; The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound, He can say indeed—"We are almost there!"

166. I long to be there.

11s.

- In the midst of temptation, and sorrow, and strife,
 And evils unnumbered, of this bitter life,
 I look to a blessed earth, free from all care;
 The kingdom of Jesus, and long to be there.
- 2 When poverty presses, and foes do surround,
 And clouds of thick darkness do hover around,
 The pathway to glory which Christ did prepare,
 I look for his coming, and long to be there.
- 8 When the wicked are scoffing,—because I believe
 The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve,—
 I weep for their folly, and bow in deep prayer,
 For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there.
- 4 I long to be there! and the thought that 'tis near Makes me almost impatient for Christ to appear, And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare, The earth rob'd in beauty, I long to be there!

Irr. M.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er— I'm nearer my home to-day, Than I ever have been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be; Nearer the great white throne; Nearer the crystal sea;—
- 3 Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; Nearer leaving the cross; Nearer gaining the crown.

168.

Migdol. L. M.

Hiding Place.

- 1 Hail, sov'reign love, that first began The scheme to rescue fallen man! Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace, That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky, I fought with hands uplifted high; Despised the offers of his grace, Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 8 Enwrapped in dark, Egyptian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Madly I ran the sinful race, Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But thus the eternal counsel ran:
 "Almighty love! arrest the man:"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 Aud found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view; To Sinai's fiery mount I flew; But justice cried with frowning face; "This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard— And mercy's angel soon appear'd; Who led me on a pleasing pace, To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

169.

Portugal. L. M.

- 1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin:
 Tho' storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have holy peace within.
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads, Made up of innocence and love; And soft and silent as the shades, Their nightly minutes gently move.

- 3 Quick as their tho'ts, their joys come on, But fly not half so swift away; Their souls are ever bright as noon, And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 They scorn to seek for golden toys, But spend the day, and share the night In numbering o'er the richer joys That God prepares for their delight.

170.

Bridgewater.

L. M.

- 1 Great God, attend while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs;
 To spend one day with thee on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day; God is our shield—he guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin; From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory, too; He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.

171. The Shining Shore. 8s & 7s.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by.
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, And soon we'll all pass over, And just before the shining shore We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discerning; Our absent Lord has left us word. — Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing; That perfect rest nought can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow, Each cord on earth to sever, Our King says, Come, and there's our home, Forever, oh! forever.

8, 5, 7, 4,

172. Here is no Rest. 10s, 6s & 7s.

I Here o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest. here is no rest;
Here as a pilgrim, I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around, Here is no rest, here is no rest; Here I am griev'd while my foes me sur-

Yet I am blest, I am blest; Let them revile me, and scoff at my name, Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame, I will go forward, for this is my theme, There, there is rest, there is rest.

8 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold

Yet I am blest, I am blest; Sweet is the promise I read in his word, Blessed are they who have died in the Lord. They shall be called to receive their reward, There, there is rest, there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest, here is no rest; Here I must bear from the world all its hate.

Yet I am blest, I am blest; Soon shall I be from the wicked released, Soon shall the weary forever be blest, Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast, There, there is rest, there is rest.

173. I'm a Traveller. 7s & 4s.

1 I'm a lonely trav'ler here,
Weary, opprest,
But my journey's end is near,
Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I ve come;
Ask me not with you to stay,
Yonder's my home.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there;
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heav'n be mine.

174. Experience.

1 I have songht round the verdant earth
For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy;
Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set the spirit free,
Thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress;
I have not had a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy Gospel, Lord, From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release,
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heav'nly King,
I'll praise and adore:
The heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power;
In my home from above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move,
Forevermore.

175. Gould, p. 9. C. M.

1 A little flock! so calls He thee, Who bought thee with his blood; A little flock—disowned of men, But owned and loved of God.

2 A little flock! so calls He thee; Church of the first-born, hear! Be not ashamed to own the name; It is no name of fear.

3 Not many rich or noble called, Not many great or wise; They whom God makes his kings and priests, Are poor in human eyes.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length, Her feeble days are o'er; No more a haudful in the earth, A little flock no more.

5 No more a lily among thorns, Weary, and faint, and few; But countless as the stars of heaven, Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls, In robes of victory, That mighty multitude shall keep The joyous jubilee.

176. Brattle Street. C. M.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast.

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad, I found in him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, Behold, I freely give The living water,—thirsty one Stoop down, and drink, and live.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

177.

C. M.

1 God's hand, that saves, is kind, but rough His methods just, but rude, Frail, shrinking nature cries "Enough," Yet proves the Lord is good.

2 The chiseled stone, had it a voice, Would cry, "You hurt me sore;" The sculptor seeks its perfectness, And trims it more and more,—

3 Until, by dint of strokes and blows, The shapeless mass appears, Symmetric, fair, and beautiful, To stand a thousaud years.

4 The beaten sheaves all threshed and torn And trampled under feet, Yield forth, when tribulation's o'er, Their grains of golden wheat.

5 Out of the crushed and mangled grapes, Comes forth the sparkling wine; If God but still my portion is Be such experience mine.

6 Kept while the furnace heated white Shall purge the dross away:— Thy judgments, Lord, are true and right, And brighter every day.

178.

C. M.

1 Thou boundless Source of every good, Our best desires fulfil, We would adore thy wondrous grace, And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls Thy bounteous goodness see; Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress, To own thy hand, O God, And in submissive silence learn The lessons of thy rod!

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright; Help us thy name to fear; And give us grace to watch and pray, And strength to persevere.

Ames.

L. M.

- Blest are the merciful, who prove By acts, their sympathy and love;
 From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain Like sympathy and love again.
- 2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean From the defiling power of sin; With endless pleasure they shall see A God of spotless purity.
- 3 Blest are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of growing strife; They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 4 Blest are the sufferers, who partake Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake; Their souls shall triumph in the Lord, Glory and joy are their reward.

180.

Unity.

63 & 5s.

- 1 When shall we meet again?

 Meet ne'er to sever?

 When will peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever?

 Our hearts will ne'er repose,
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 In this dark vale of woes,
 Never, no, never!
- 2 Home to the new earth bright,
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever!
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never,—no, never!
- 3 Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever;
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from fears or woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never,—no, never!

181.

Duke Street. L. M.

- 1 My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts the sweetest union prove; Your friendship's like the strongest band, Yet we must take the parting hand.
- 2 Your presence sweet, our union dear, What joys we feel together here! And when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.
- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away, Since we have met to sing and pray;

- How loath are we to leave the place Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 4 O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my fainting mind! But pilgrims in a foreign land, We oft must take the parting hand.
- 5 My Christian friends, both old and young, I trust you will in Christ go on; Press on, and soon you'll win the prize— A crown of glory greet thine eyes.
- 6 A few more days, or years at most, And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast, When in that holy, happy land, We'll take no more the parting hand.
- 7 O blessed day! O glorious hope! My soul rejoices at the thought, When in that holy, happy land, We'll take no more the parting hand.

182.

L. M.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie, that binds
 In sweet communion kindred minds!
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
 are one!
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear! What tender love:—what holy fear! How does the generous flame within Refine from earth—and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt, and human woe: Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 With eager step they seek the place Where God reveals his glorious face; Join with one heart in songs of praise, And thankful hymns together raise.

183.

Ward.

L. N

- 1 'Tis thus they press the hand and part,
 Thus have they bid farewell again;
 Yet still they commune, heart with heart,
 Linked by a never-broken chain.
- 2 Yet shall they meet again in peace, To sing the songs of festal joy, Where none shall bid their gladness cease, And none their fellowship destroy.
- 3 Where none shall beckon them away, Nor bid their festival be done; There meeting-time the eternal day, Their meeting-place the eternal throne.
- 4 There, hand in hand, firm linked at last, And, heart to heart, enfolded all, They'll smile upon the troubled past, And wonder why they wept at all.

184. BRETHREN, WHILE WE SOJOURN HERE.

By permission of GOULD & FISCHER, 923 Chest. St., Phil. Pa.



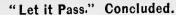
"Brethren, while we Sojourn here." Concluded. joy - ful news will come, 'Child,' your Father calls, 'Come home.' joy - ful news will come, 'Child,' your Father calls, 'Come home.' Soon the ful news will come, 'Child,' your Father calls, 'Come home.' Soon CHORUS. Come home, come home, Thy Father calls, 'Come home, come home come home! come home, come "Come home!" "Comehome!" "Come home!" Thy Fath-er calls,"Come home, "Come home, come home, come home, come home," come home, come home, come home, come home!"Thy Father calls, "Come home!" Thy Father calls "Come home!" come home!" home,come home,come home!"Thy Father calls, "Come home!"

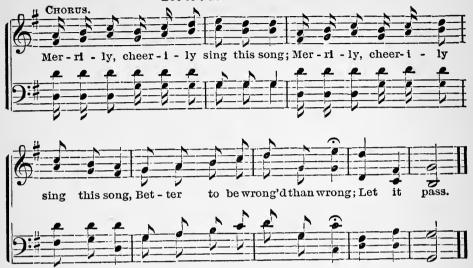
Exhortation.

185.

LET IT PASS.

By permission. From Philip Phillips' "Musical Leaves." S. J. VAIL. CHORUS. 1. Be not swift to take of-fence; Let 2. Strife cor-rodes the pur-est mind; Let pass, Let pass. pass, Let it pass. CHO. is foe sense; Let pass. un re-gard ed wind, Let pass. dark - ly o'er a wrong Which will dis- ap-pear vul - gar souls that live May condemn without Brood not re - prieve; sing this cheer - y song, Let for - give; Let song, Let pass. Rath -- ble who pass. no





- 3 Echo not an angry word;
 Let it pass, let it pass.
 Think how often you have erred;
 Let it pass.
 Since our joys must pass away
 Like the dew-drops and the spray,
 Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
 Let it pass.
- 4 If for good you've taken ill;
 Let it pass, let it pass.
 O be kind and gentle still;
 Let it pass.
 Time at last makes all things straight;
 Let us not resent, but wait,
 And our triumph shall be great;
 Let it pass.

Richland.

11s.

- 1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
 Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
 Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
 Daughter of Zion, &c.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions, was mightier far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them; Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war. Daughter of Zion, &c.
- 3 Daughter of Zion! the pow'r that hath saved thee, Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be; Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee, Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free. Daughter of Zion, &c.

WATCH, 7s.

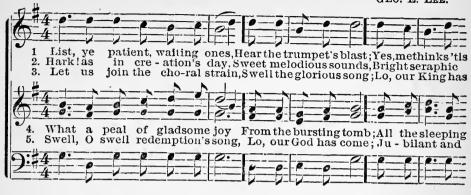




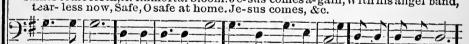
- 3 Crowns of glory shall adorn All the saints on that blest morn, When our great and glorious King Shall to us salvation bring.
- 4 He who came and died for men, Soon will come to earth again; Yes, the same who went away Will return at judgment day.
- 5 Then we'll shout and sing for joy, For there's nought that can destroy; Nothing either to molest In the land of peaceful rest.
- 6 So may we all watch and pray, And the great commands obey, That the Lord, when he shall come, Will to us proclaim, "Well done."

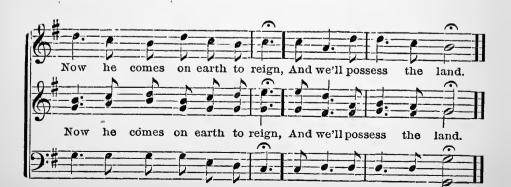
JESUS COMES AGAIN.

GEO. E. LEE.









PEACE. S. M.

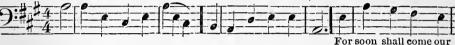
With animation.

1. Arouse! ye saints, and sing, Proclaim the gospel sound;

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For

GEO. E. LEE.



For soon shall come our glorious King, With fadeless beauty crown'd.



soon shall come our glorious King, For soon shall come our glorious King, With fadeless beauty
[crown'd.
For soon shall come our glorious King, With fade - less beau - ty crowned.



glorious King, For soon shall come our glo-rious King, With fadeless beauty crown'd.

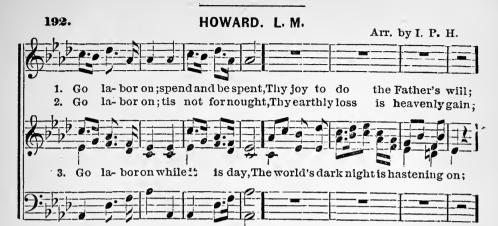
- 2 His waiting people then
 Shall in his kingdom live,
 Where none shall ever weep again,
 Where nought the heart shall grieve.
- 3 O! soon will come the day,
 When care and toil shall cease;
 When sin and death shall flee away,
 And saints shall dwell in peace,
- 4 The signs fulfilling fast,
 Proclaim the end is near;
 Probation's hour will soon be past,
 The King of kings appear.
- 5 O! hasten, sinner, haste!
 The gospel call obey;
 If thou would'st enter into rest,
 Come, seek thy Lord to-day.

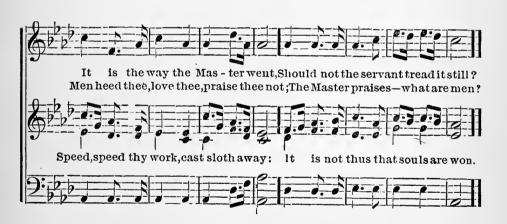
- 6 Then on that glorious morn,
 When Jesus doth appear,
 He will to us proclaim, "Well done,"
 If we are faithful here.
- 7 The pure in heart are blessed, For they their God shall see: And all who have his name confessed, Shall eat of life's fair tree.
- 8 Shout praises to our God,
 All glory to his name!
 O! hail the day when Christ our Lord
 Shall come on earth to reign.
- 9 Then a new song we'll sing,
 Then shall our hearts rejoice;
 We then shall see our conq'ring King,
 And hear his welcome voice.



191. O, SAY, SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL THERE?







- 4 Men die in darkness at your side,
 Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
 Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
 The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
 For toil comes rest, for exile, home:
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,—
 The morning peal, behold I come!

193. Buchanan.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
 Have the signs that mark his coming Yet upon thy pathway shone?
 Pilgrim, yes; arise! look 'round thee,
 Light is breaking in the skies!
 Gird thy bridal robes around thee,
 Morning dawns! arise! arise!
- 2 Watchman, has the tribulation— Has the cruel man of sin Ceased his bloody persecution? Will it not return again? Pilgrim, no! his times have ended, Never shall the monster reign; Tekel on his brow is written— Soon he will consume in flame.
- 8 Watchman, were there signs attending
 At the ending of the time?
 With the closing moments pending,
 Did the sun refuse to shine?
 Pilgrim, yes; the sun was shrouded
 In a vail of gloom that day;
 Nature was in darkness clouded
 On that nineteenth day of May.
- 4 Watchman, hail the light ascending
 Of the great Sabbatic year,
 All with voices loud portending
 That the kingdom's very near.
 Pilgrim, yes! I see just yonder
 Canaan's glorious hights arise;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath its cloudless skies.

194. O, come, come away. P. M.

O, come, come away! for time's career is closing,
 Let worldly care henceforth forbear,
 O, come, come away!
 Come, come, our holy joys renew
 Where love and heavenly friendship grew,
 The Spirit welcomes you—
 O, come, come away.

2 Awake ye, awake! no time now for reposing;

"The Lord is near!" breaks on the ear,
O, come, come away.
Come, come where Jesus' love will be,
Who says, "I meet with two or three;"
Sweet promise made to thee,
O, come, come away.

3 Come, where sacred song the pilgrim's heart is cheering,
Come, and learn there the power of prayer,

O, come, come away! In sweetest notes of sympathy

We praise and pray in harmony, Love makes our unity—

O, come, come away.

4 Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appearing;

Away from home no more we roam;
O, come, come away!
And when the trump of God shall sound,
The saints no more by death are bound,
He owns our Jesus crowned,
O, come, come away.

5 O, come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory!

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;"
O, come, come away!
O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain,
And take thy throne, and on it reign!
Then earth shall bloom again—
O, come, come away!

195. 8s, 7s

1 Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,

And all the midnight shadows flee; Tinged are the distant skies with glory, A beacon light hangs out for thee.

Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee, Bright from thy everlasting home; Soon shalt thou reach the world of glory, Soon shalt thou share thy Saviour's throne.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges, Calmly composed and dauntless stand, For lo! beyond these scenes emerges The hights that bound the promised

Christian, behold! the land is nearing, Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er; Hark, how the heavenly hostn are cheer-

See in what throngs they range the shore.

3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee.

thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray;
The star-genumed crowns and realms of

glory, Invite thy happy soul away. Away, away, leave all for glory, Soon shall thy stormy voyage be done;

Then with eternal joys before thee,
Sit with the Saviour on his throne.

195. Millennial Dawn. 7s & 6s.

- 1 The clouds at length are breaking;
 The dawn will soon appear,
 And "signs" there's no mistaking,
 Proclaim Messiah near.
 Awake, awake from sleeping,
 Attend the "midnight cry;"
 Ye saints refrain from weeping,
 Your Great Deliverer's nigh.
- 2 The morning light is beaming,
 The "day-star" shines on high;
 Christ's heralds are proclaiming
 His coming in the sky;
 And earth's eventful story
 A few short months will tell;
 The righteous rise to glory,
 The wicked sink to hell.
- 3 If earth and all her treasure
 Are doomed to fire and flame;
 Her royal pomp and pleasure
 Are but an empty name!
 Her kings—her crowns—her glory—
 Her armies—fleets—and pride,
 May bubble forth her story
 While floating down the tide.
- 4 The ocean, oh! the ocean,
 To which her grandeurs tend,
 Now foams in dreadful motion,
 Her boast and pomp to end.
 See, see the flames ascending,
 The seas themselves explode;
 The clouds, the skies, are rending
 With cries of—"God"—"oh God!"
- 5 Oh! hear the sad petition,
 Rocks, crush us into dust;
 Oh! pity our condition—
 Or damned we surely must;
 We thought that we were wiser
 Than "pastors," "saints," and all;
 Yet sinner—sceptic—miser—
 Must suffer once for all.
- 6 Ye mortals, take the warning,
 Ten thousand calls invite;
 Should you neglect the morning,
 Then comes the doleful night.
 Now mercy's hand extended,
 The vilest wretch would save;
 But oh! if this be ended,
 You're lost beyond the grave.

7 Great Author of compassion,
Redeemer—Saviour—Friend—
Oh! send to every nation
The knowledge of its end;
Fly, fly on wings of morning,
Ye who the truth can tell,
And sound the awful warning,
To rescue souls from hell.

197.

- 1 Pilgrim, wake! behold the morning Long foretold by holy seers, Gilds the heaven with its dawning, Hail! the blissful morn appears. Halcyon* day, so full of glory, Holy prophets sang of thee; Rapturous in poetic story Soon the pure in heart will see
- 2 See! the morning star is beaming Bright upon the gilded sky.
 Oh! what rays of light are gleaming, Shout aloud, Redemption's nigh.
 Sing ye now who have been weeping Through a long night dark and drear, Who while lonely vigils keeping, Long'd to see the day appear.
- 3 On it speeds in lustre breaking,
 Hallelujah! shout and sing,
 Soon our lov'd ones will be waking,
 And the new creation ring
 With the loud, immortal chorus
 To the Lamb that once was slain;
 By his blood in mercy made us
 Kings and priests on earth to reign.
- 4 Now with all your might and power,
 Watch and trim your lamps with care;
 Gird your loins and wait the hour
 When the Bridegroom shall appear.
 Then with all the saints, adorned
 With their brilliant diadems,
 See the King in beauty crowned,
 In the New Jerusalem.
 - * Hal shun.

Exhortation.

198.

- Lift up your heads, desponding pilgrims, Give to the winds your needless fears, He who hath said redemption's nearing, Soon is to reign through endless years.
- CHO.—Through endless years earth's coming

glory—
'Tis the glad day so long foretold;
'Tis the bright morn of Zion's glory,
Prophets foresaw in times of old.

- 2 What if the clouds do for a moment Hide the blue sky, where morn appears; Soon the glad sun, of promise given, Rises to shine through endless years.
- 8 Tell the whole world these blessed tidings, Speak of the time of bliss that nears; Tell the oppressed of ev'ry nation, Jubilee lasts through endless years.
- 4 Haste thee along, ages of glory,
 Haste the glad time when Christ appears—
 - Oh, for the faith of ancient worthies; Oh, for that reign through endless years.

199. *Migdol*. L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God, When the salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 8 Our flesh and sense must be denied, Passion, and envy, lust, and pride; While justice, temperance, truth, and love, Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord; And faith stands leaning on his word.

200. Migdol. L. M.

1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near; Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear; His faithful word declares to thee That as thy day thy strength shall be.

- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say, "How shall I stand the trying day?" He has engaged by firm decree That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong; And if the contest should be long, Thy Lord will make the tempters flee; For as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame, Still trust in thy Redeemer's name; In fiery trials thou shalt see That as thy day thy strength shall be.

201. Italian Hymn. 69 & 48

- 1 Let us awake our joys; Strike up with cheerful voice; Each creature, sing; Angels, begin the song; Mortals, the strain prolong, In accents sweet and strong, "Jesus is King!"
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name; Tell of his matchless fame; What wonders done; Above, beneath, around, Let all the earth resound, Till heav'n's high arch rebound, Vict'ry is won!"
- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell;
 Mourners, rejoice;
 His dying love adore;
 Praise liim, now raised in power;
 Praise him forevermore
 With joyful voice.
- 4 All hail the glorious day,
 When through the heavenly way,
 Lo, he shall come,
 While they who pierced him wail!
 His promise shall not fail;
 Saints, see your King prevail;
 Great Saviour, come!

202. Life's Harvest. 7s & 6s.

- 1 Ho, reapers of Life's Harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade,
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade?
 Why stand ye idle, waiting
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?
- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain;
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again.
 The Master calls for reapers,
 And shall he call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?
- 8 Come down from hill and mountain,
 In morning's ruddy glow,
 Nor wait until the dial
 Points to the noon below;
 And come with the strong sinew,
 Nor faint in heat or cold;
 And pause not till the evening
 Draws round its wealth of gold.
- 4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
 And crush each error low;
 Keep back no words of knowledge
 That human hearts should know.
 Be faithful to thy mission,
 In service of thy Lord,
 And then a golden chaplet
 Will be thy just reward.

203. Watchman Tell Us.

- 1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain height
 See the glory-beaming star!
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
 Promis'd day of Israel.
- Watchman! tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends.

- Watchman! will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth! Trav'ler! ages are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Trav'ler! lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

Hendon.

204.

78.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme, Sing aloud in Jesus' name; Ye, who his salvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love. Triumph, &c.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to glory on ye move, Praise and bless Redeeming Love. Praise, &c.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears, Banish all your guilty fears, See your guilt and curse remove, Cancell'd by Redeeming Love. Cancell'd, &c.
- 4 Hither, then, your praises bring, And of Jesus gladly sing; Gladly join the hosts above, Join to praise Redeeming Love. Join, &c.

205.

7s.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Jesus, hail! amid the glory,
 Where for us thou dost abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Standing at thy Father's side.
 There for us thou now art pleading,
 While thou dost our place prepare;
 For the church still interceding,
 Till in glory it appear.
- 2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou shalt then from all receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing;
 All that earth or heaven can give
 Till that day the angelic spirits,
 With the church in feebler lays,
 Still shall try to sing thy merits,
 And to chant thy Father's praise.

206. The Christian Soldier. C. M.

1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross, Ye happy, praying band, Though in this world you suffer loss, Press on to Canaan's land.

Cho.—Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,

For we've all got the cross to bear.

It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,

When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake, When heav'n appears in view, In Jesus' strength we'll undertake To fight our passage through.—Cho.

8 O what a glorious shout there'll be When we arrive at home; Our friends and Jesus we shall see, And God shall say "Well done."—CHO.

207. Ames.

L. M.

- 1 What works of wisdom, power, and love, Do Jesus' high commission prove; Attest his heaven-derived claim, And glorify his Father's name.
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day
 He pours the bright celestial ray;
 And deafened ears, by him unbound,
 Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 8 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes Rejoicing in the strength that flows Through every nerve; and, free from pain, Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shattered mind his word restores, And tunes afresh the mental powers: The dead revive, to life return, And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace, And not admire Jehovah's grace? Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power, And not the God he served adore?

208. Benevento.

7s.

- 1 Faint not, Christian! though the road
 Leading to thy blest abode,
 Darksome be, and dangerous, too,
 Christ, thy Guide, will bear thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage Satan doth thy soul engage; Take thee Faith's anointed shield, Bear it to the battle field.

- 2 Faint not, Christian! though the world Has its hostile flag unfurl'd; Hold the cross of Jesus fast, Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian! though within There's a heart so prone to sin; Christ the Lord is over all, He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian! though thy God Smite thee with the chastening rod; Smite He must, with Father's care, That He may His love declare.
- 6 Faint not, Christian! Jesus' near, Soon in glory He'll appear; And his love will then bestow Victory o'er every foe.

209. Thou Knowest That I Love

Thee. 78, 68 & 43.

- 1 Hark! hark! hear the blest tidings, Soon, soon. Jesus will come, Rob'd, rob'd in honor and glory, To gather his ransomed ones home.
- Сно.—Yes, yes, oh yes,
 To gather his ransomed ones home.
- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly, Sing, sing glory to God; Soon, soon, Jesus is coming, Publish the tidings abroad.
- 3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending, Shouts, shouts, filling the air; Down, down, swiftly from heaven, Jesus our Lord will appear.
- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly, Shine, shine, visious to come, Soon, soon, we shall behold them, Cloudless and bright in our home
- 5 Long, long. we have been waiting, Who, who, love his blest name; Now, now, we are delighting, Jesus is near to proclaim.
- 6 Still, still, rest on the promise, Cling, cling, fast to His word; Wait, wait, if He should tarry, We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

CHO.—Yes, yes, oh yes,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

210. Winstead.

S. M.

- 1 Behold! what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's well beloved Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear

 How great we must be made;

 But when we see our Saviour here,

 We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure;
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

211. Migdol.

L. M.

- 1 We've no abiding city here:

 This may distress the worldling's mind,
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We've no abiding city here:
 Sad truth, were this to be our home;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer;
 We seek a city yet to come.
- 8 We've no abiding city here:
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear;
 But let us cease from all in view.
- 4 We've no abiding city here;
 We seek a city out of sight;
 Zion its name; we'll soon be there;
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion! Jehovah is her strength! Secure she smiles at all her foes; And weary travellers at length Within her sacred walls repose.

212. Bannockburn. 7s & 5s.

1 Ye who rose to meet the Lord—Ventured on his faithful word,
Faint not now, for your reward
Will be quickly given;
Faint not! always watch and pray,
Jesus will no more delay,
Even now 'tis dawn of day—
Day-Star beams from heaven.

- 2 Would ye to the end endure?
 Keep the wedding garments pure—
 Claim ye still the promise sure—
 Faithful is the Lord!
 Let your lamps be burning bright,
 In God's word is beaming light,
 Live by faith and not by sight—
 Crowns are your reward.
- 3 'Mid the darts of angry foe,
 Onward, fearless, onward go,
 The good soldier's courage show,
 On, to victory!
 "Let thine eyes be turned to me,"
 Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee,
 Overcome, and faithful be,
 Thou shalt glory see!"
- 4 Tones of thunder through the sky—Angel voices sounding high,
 Echo still the mighty cry,
 Jesus quickly come!
 Quickly he'll return again,
 With his saints will come to reign,
 While all heaven will shout "Amen,
 Welcome to thy throne!"
- 5 Marriage supper now prepared,
 By the guests will then be shared,
 In fair righteous robes arrayed,
 Like the Bridegroom King.
 Glory to Jehovah's name!
 Sound aloud the glad acclaim,
 To the Lamb that once was slain,
 Alleluias bring.

213.

Northfield.

C. M.

- 1 Time hastens on; ye longing saints, Now raise your voices high; And magnify that sovereign love Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 As time departs, salvation comes, Each moment brings it near; Then welcome each declining day; Welcome each closing year.
- Not many years their course shall run, Not many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd To our transported eyes.

214. Concord.

S. M.

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The men of grace have found Glory begun below; Celestial fruits on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 There we shall see his face. And never, never sin; There, from the rivers of his grace, Drink endless pleasures in.

215.

Switzer.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Lonely pilgrim, sad and weary,
 Who hath many ills endured,
 What though troubles round thee gather,
 There's a final rest secured;
 For the "Children of the Promise,"
 Those in faith who firmly stand,
 Heirs with Christ, awhile they suffer,
 Soon to reign in Israel's land.
- 2 God, his gracious mercy showing,
 Hath invited all to share
 Endless joy and bliss forever,
 In that realm of glory there.
 Bear thee, then, the contest bravely,
 Fear not, faint not, by the way;
 Soon shall boundless, ceaseless mercy,
 All thy weary toils repay.
- 3 Soon, the tears of bitter anguish,
 All those sighs that sorrow pays,
 Shall be lost in smiles of gladness,
 Merged in songs of endless praise.
 Here thy weary feet are bruised,
 There, thou'lt tread a verdant sod;
 Here, by enemies surrounded,
 There, in friendship with thy God.

213. Missionary Chant. L. M

- 1 Waste not thy being; back to Him Who freely gave it, freely give; Else is that being but a dream, 'Tis but to be, and not to live.
- 2 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed; Hold up to earth the torch divine; Be what thou prayest to be made; Let the great Master's steps be thine.
- 3 Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap; Who sows the false shall reap the vain; Erect and sound thy conscience keep; From hollow words and creeds refrain.
- 4 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure; Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright. Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor, And find a harvest-home of light.

217.

Olmutz.

S. M.

- 1 Begin the day with God!
 He is thy sun and day;
 His is the radiance of thy dawn,
 To him address thy lay.
- 2 Awake, cold lips, and sing! Arise, dull knees, and pray; Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes; Brush slothfulness away.
- 3 Take thy first meal with God; He is thy heavenly food; Feed with and on him; he with thee Will feast in brotherhood.
- 4 Take thy first walk with God; Let him go forth with thee; By stream, or sea, or mountain path, Seek still his company.
- 5 Thy first transaction be
 With God himself above;
 So shall thy business prosper well,
 And all the day be love.

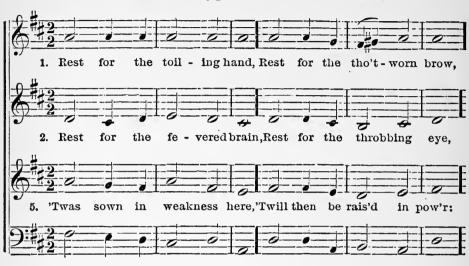


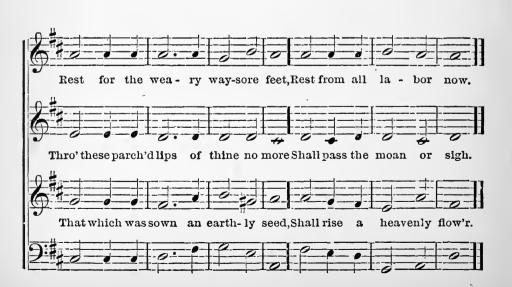
3 Storms of life may blow, [woe, Brightest scenes of earth be mix'd with Friends may droop and die; When no earthly hope can cheer, All is darkness, all is drear, And alone we sigh.

4 We may always find Sweet relief, if, with a trusting mind, We to Jesus go; Yes, in Him we'll find a friend, Who will all our steps attend, Through this vale below.

PRAYER. S. M.

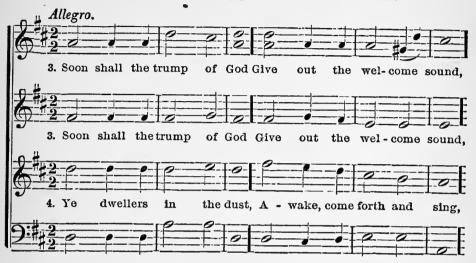
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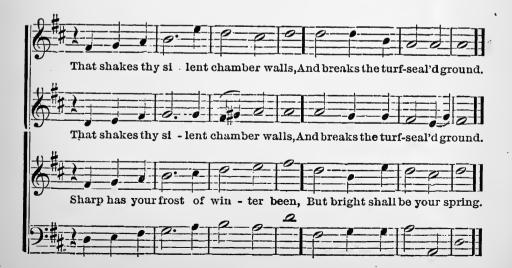




PRAISE, S. M.

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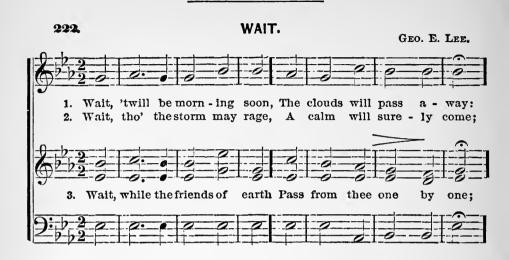


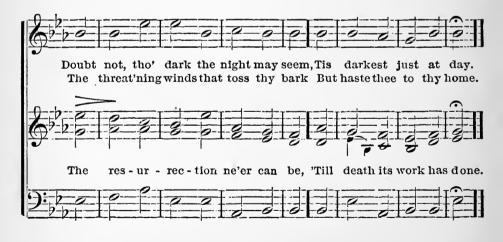


221. COMFORT IN AFFLICTION. S. C. HANCOCK. We shall sleep, but not forey - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall When we see a precious blossom, That we tended with such care, Rudely 3. We shall sleep, but not for-ev - er, In the lone and silent grave; Blessed meet the res - ur - rec-tion morn. to part no, nev-er, On ta - ken from our bo-som. How our ach - inghearts des- pair. be the Lord that gave. be the Lord that tak-eth, Bless- ed From the deepest caves of o-cean, From the desert and the plain, Till the setting sun Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger Death can never, nev - er come: In the bright, e - ter - nal cit - y

"Comfort in Affliction." Concluded.



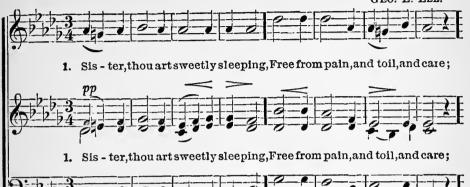




- 4 Walt; aye, with patience weep,
 And mourn, and grieve, and sigh;
 For when the last sad tear is shed,
 God will the fountain dry.
- 5 Wait, for his own soft hand Shall wipe all tears away; And free from sorrow, saints shall then Rejoice in endless day.

SWEETLY SLEEPING.







- 2 Thou wilt sleep, but not forever; Jesus died, and rose again; Soon he'll come in clouds of glory, Thou wilt rise with him to reign.
- 3 Sister, then we hope to meet thee, Then we'll take thee by the hand, Then we'll twine our arms around thee, In that bright and happy land.

224. Windham.

L. M.

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes Can reach the peaceful sleeper here, While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son Pass'd thro' the grave and blest the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn! Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word! Restore thy trust; a glorious form Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

225.

Hope.

6s.

- 1 Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Redeemer lay; Sing of our bonds destroyed, Our darkness turned to day.
- 2 Weep for your dead no more; Friends, be of joyful cheer! Our star moves on before, Our narrow path shines clear.
- 3 He who, so patiently
 The crown of thorns did wear,—
 He hath gone up on high;
 Our hope is with him there.
- 4 Now is his truth revealed, His majesty and might; The grave has been unsealed; Christ is our life and light.
- Fe who for men did weep, Suffer, and bleed, and die,—
 First fruits of them that sleep,—
 Christ hath gone up on high.
- 6 Kls vict'ry hath destroyed
 The shafts that once could slay;
 Sing prise! the tomb is void
 Where the Redeemer lay.

223. Narrow Way.

C. M.

- 1 What poor despised company
 Of travellers are these,
 Who walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along the rugged maze!
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line, All children of a King: Heirs of immortal crowns divine. And lo! for joy they sing!
- CHO.—Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
 Palms of victory they shall bear;
 Yes, Palms of victory, crowns of glory
 Palms of victory they shall bear.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean? And why so much despised? Because of their rich robes unseen The world is not apprised.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distressed, And lacking daily bread; Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd With hidden manna fed.—Cho.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road, That rugged, thorny maze? Why, that's the way their Leader trod. They love and keep his ways.
- 6 What, is there then no other road To Salem's happy ground? Christ is the only way to God; None other can be found.

227.

Rest.

L. M.

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to rest In hope of being ever blest.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! Soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies Then burst the fetters of the tomb, To wake in full, immortal bloom.

228. Shall we know each other there?

I When we hear the music ringing
In the bright, celestial dome—
When sweet angel voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home,
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care—
In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

Cho.—Shall we know each other—
Shall we know each other—
Shall we know each other—
Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious heav'nly land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the same arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?

CHO .- Shall we know, &c.

8 O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye can join the loved and just ones
In the laud of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

CHO.-We shall know, &c.

229.

7s & 6s.

I I saw a weary traveller,
In tattered garments clad,
A-struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad.
His back was burdened heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
He shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

Palms of vict'ry, crowns of glory, Palms of vict'ry we shall bear.

- 2 The summer sun was beaming,
 The sweat was on his brow,
 His garments were all dusty,
 His step was very slow;
 Still he kept pressing forward,
 For he was wending home,
 He shouted as he journeyed,
 "Deliverance will come."
- 3 The songsters in their arbors,
 The pleasures of the way,
 Attracted his attention,
 Inviting his delay;
 Still he kept pressing forward,
 For he was nearing home,
 He shouted as he journeyed,
 "Deliverance will come."
- 4 Then I saw him in the evening,
 When the sun was bending low;
 He'd overtopped the mountain,
 And reached the vale below;
 His eyes were dull and heavy,
 His journey it was done;
 He shouted as it ended,
 "Deliverance will come."
- 5 Then they closed the blinds around him And locked him up alone,
 That nothing might disturb him,
 Till his best friend should come.
 Hope made for him a pillow,
 And faith a garment rare,
 To keep him in his slumbers
 Till Jesus should appear.
- 6 At length the trumpet sounded,
 The shadows fled away,
 The gilding rays of glory
 Proclaimed the light of day;
 Then when the light of morning
 Broke in his little room,
 He rose and cried "Hosanna,
 Deliverance has come!"
- 7 Then I heard a song of triumph— He sang upon that shore, Saying, "Jesus has redeemed me, I'll suffer now no more." Then casting his eye backward On the race which he had run, He raised the loud hosanna, "Deliverance has come!"

230. Boylston.

S. M.

232. Siloam.

C. M.

- Destruction's dangerous road
 What multitudes pursue!
 While that which leads the soul to God,
 Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way
 Through Christ the living gate;
 But those who hate this holy way,
 Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,
 And sin no more caressed,
 They rather choose the way that's wide,
 And strive to think it best.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng, On numbers they depend; They say, So many can't be wrong, And miss a happy end.
- 5 But hear the Saviour's word, "Strive for the heav'nly gate, Many will call upon the Lord, And find their cries too late."
- 6 Obey the gospel call,
 And enter while you may;
 The flock of Christ is always small,
 And none are safe but they.
- 7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
 Their awful state to see;
 And make them, ere the storm arise,
 To Thee for safety flee.

231. Anvern.

L. M.

- One awful word which Jesus spoke
 Against the tree that bore no fruit,
 More dreadful than the lightning's stroke,
 Blasted and dried it to the root.
- 2 How many, who the gospel hear, Whom Satan blinds, and sin deceives, May with this wither'd tree compare?— They yield no fruit, but only leaves.
- 3 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk, Unless combin'd with faith and love, And witness'd by a gospel walk, Will not a true profession prove.
- 4 Without such fruit as God expects, Knowledge will make our state the worse;
 - The fruitless sinner he rejects,
 And soon will blast them with his curse.

- 1 See how the worthless Sramble stands Beneath the burning sky; Wither'd and parch'd in barren sands, And only grows to die.
- 2 Such is the sinner's awful case, Who makes the world his trust; And dares his confidence to place In vanity and dust.
- 3 A secret curse destroys his root, And dries its moisture up; He lives awhile, but bears no fruit, Then dies without a hope.

233. Pleyel's Hymn.

73.

- 1 Sinner, art thou still secure? Wilt thou still refuse to pray? Can thy heart or hands endure In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd! Awful terrors clothe his brow! For his judgment stand prepar'd, Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes, Earth affrighted hastes to flee; Solid mountains melt like wax, What will then become of thee?
- 4 Who his advent may abide?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide,
 When the world is wrapt in flame?
- 5 Let us now our day improve, Listen to the gospel's voice; Seek the things that are above; Scorn the world's pretended joys.

234.

S. M

- 1 Ye who in former days
 Were found at Zion's gate;
 Who seemed to walk in wisdom's ways,
 And told your happy state;
- 2 But now to sin draw back, And love again to stray, The narrow path of life forsake, And choose the beaten way;
- 3 Think not your names above Are written with the saints; The promise of unchanging love Is His who never faints.
- 4 Your transient joy and peace, Your deeper dooms have sealed, Unless you wake to righteousness, Ere judgment is reveal'd.

C. M.

235. Portugal.

L. M.

1 The summer harvest spreads the field, Mark—how the whitening fields are turn'd!

Behold them to the reapers yield; The wheat is sav'd—the tares are burn'd.

- 2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crown'd,
 Descends to reap the ripen'd earth!
 Angelic guards attend him down,
 The same who sang his humble birth,
- 3 In sounds of glory hear him speak, "Go, search around the flaming world; Haste, call my saints to rise, and take The seats from which their foes were hurl'd."
- 4 Thus ends the harvest of the earth;
 Angels obey the awful voice;
 They save the wheat, they burn the chaff,
 All heaven approves the sov'reign choice.

236. Greenwich. L. M. Double.

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 The living know that they must die; But all the dead forgotten lie; Their mem'ry and their sense are gone; Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 3 Their hatred, and their love are lost, Their envy buried in the dust; They have no share in all that's done Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands with all your might pursue; Since no device, nor work, is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

237. Windham. L. M.

- 1 Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,—"
 Is the Redeemer's great command;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 8 The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain:
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

238. Ortonville.

1 Repent! the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay;
The soul that scorns the mandate dic
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God, O'erlooks the crimes of men; His heralds now are sent abroad To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow, And all your guilt confess; Accept the offered Saviour now, Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Amazing love, that yet will call, And yet prolong our days! Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall, And weep, and love, and praise.

239. Lenox.

H. M.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad.
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye who have sold for nought Your heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesus' love. The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace;
 And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face,
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

240. Pleyel's Hymn.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did your being give, Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Saviour, asks you why? He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself that you might live.

8 Will you let him die in vain? Crucify your Lord again? Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why Will ye slight his grace, and die?

241. Mantua. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

1 Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay. Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day; Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high;
 Grieve not that love,
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Lift up thine eye!
 Soon will dawn the morrow,
 Jesus is nigh!
 In that bright home,
 Graven thy name;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Swift homeward fly.
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou be?
 In that long to-morrow,
 Eternity,
 Driven from home,
 Destruction will come;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee?

The Eden of Love.

P. M.

1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love; Ye wand'rers from God in the broad road of folly, O say, will you go to the Eden of love?

Сно.—Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go, O say, will you go, to the Eden of love?

- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove; Ye heart burden'd ones, who in misery languish, O say, will you go to the Eden of love?—CHO.
- 3 No fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression, Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove, No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression; O say, will you go to the Eden of love?—Cho.
- 4 No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
 The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
 Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
 O say, will you go to the Eden of love?—Cho.
- 5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee, We halt yet a moment as onward we move; O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee, And bear thee along to the Eden of love.—Cro.

242. Buckingham.

C. M.

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return!
 And seek thy Father's face!
 These new desires, which in thee burn,
 Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, now return! He hears thy humble sigh; He sees thy softened spirit mourn, When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, now return! Thy Saviour bids thee live; Bow to his word, and grateful learn How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, now return!
 And wipe the falling tear!
 The Father calls, no longer roam,
 'Tis love invites thee near.

243.

8s & 7s.

- 1 One, there is, above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love, beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to have us Reconcil'd in him to God.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased, Friend of sinners was his name; Now, above all glory raised, He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, alas! forget too often What a Friend we have above.

244.

8s & 7s.

- 1 As the serpent, raised by Moses, Heal'd the burning serpent's bite; Jesus then himself discloses, To the wounded sinner's sight.
- 2 Hear his gracious invitation:
 "I have life and peace to give;
 I have wrought out full salvation;
 Sinner, look to me and live."

3 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith.

245.

Wilmot.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before; Hath waited long—is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands With melting heart and loaded hands! Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed? He will; the very friend you need; The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine; Turn out his enemy and thine, That soul-destroying monster, sin, And let the heavenly stranger in,
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn; His feet departed, ne'er return; Admit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door rejected stand.

245. Swamoick.

C. M.

- 1 "Unhappy city! had'st thou known— Then were thy peace secure; But now the day of grace is gone, And thy destruction's sure."
- 2 Thus to the Jews the Saviour calls, As near their gates he stood, His eyes beheld their guilty walls, And wept a sacred flood.
- 3 And can mine eyes, without a tear, A weeping Saviour see? Shall I not weep his groans to hear, Who groan'd and died for me?
- 4 Blest Jesus! let those tears of thine Subdue each stubborn foe; Come, fill my heart with love divine, And bid my sorrows flow.

247. Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him; This he gives you— 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished:"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 4 Lo! the Son of God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb; While the blissful seats of heaven, Sweetly echo with his name; Hallelujah!— Sinners here may sing the same.

248. 5s & 6s.

1 Come, sinners, attend,
And make no delay;
Good news from a friend
I bring you to-day;
Glad news of salvation
Come now and receive;
There's no condemnation
To them that believe.

- 2 I AM THAT I AM
 Hath sent me to you;
 Glad news to proclaim,
 Your sins to subdue;
 To you, O distressed,
 Afflicted, forlorn,
 Whose sins are increased,
 And cannot be borne.
- 3 But still if you cry
 Oh, what is his name?
 You have the reply,
 I AM THAT I AM:
 Though blind, lame, and feeble.
 And helpless you lie,
 He's willing and able
 Your wants to supply.
- 4 Then only believe,
 And trust in his name;
 He will not deceive,
 Nor put you to shame;
 But fully supply you
 With all things in store;
 Nor will he deny you
 Because you are poor.

249.

Bray.

C. M.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice!
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, Who feed upon the wind,— And vainly strive with earthly joys, To fill an empty mind:—
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd A soul-reviving feast; And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams, And pine away and die; Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open all the day; Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.

Brest.

8s. 7s & 4s.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel, News from Zion's King proclaim, To each rebel sinner—"Pardon," "Free forgiveness in his name;" How important! Free forgiveness in his name!

3 False professors, grov'ling worldlings, Callous hearers of the word, While the messengers address you, Take the warning they afford; We entreat you, Take the warning they afford.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!

251.

C. M.

- 1 At Jacob's well a stranger sought His drooping frame to cheer; Samaria's daughter little thought That Jacob's God was near.
- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind For richer draughts had sighed; Nor had Messiah, ever kind, Those richer draughts denied.
- 3 The man, who came on earth to die, How few appear to know! The friend of sinners, passing by, Is still esteemed a foe.
- 4 The sinner must the stranger know, Or soon his loss deplore; Behold! the living waters flow; Come—drink, and thirst no more.

252. America.

S. M.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine, Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand; And, if its sun arise and shine, It shines by thy command.

2 Since on this winged hour Eternity is hung, Waken by thy almighty power, The aged and the young. 3 To Jesus may we fly, Swift as the morning light, Lest life's young golden beam should die In sudden, endless night.

253. The Sinner's Invitation. 68 & 78.

1 Sinner, go, will you go
To the highlands of Eden?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting,
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the saints, robed in white, Cleansed in life's flowing fountain, Shining beauteous and bright, Shall inhabit the mountain: Where no sin, nor dismay, Neither trouble, nor sorrow, Will be felt for a day, Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home, Sinner, canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come, Sinner, wilt thou receive it? Oh, come, sinner, come, For the tide is receding, And the Saviour will soon, And forever, cease pleading.

254. We are passing away. L. M.

1 To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; Say, will you to Mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no? We are passing away, &c.

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest, Say, will you be forever blest? Will you be saved from death and sin, And crowns of fadeless glory win? We are passing away, &c.

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound, Obey the gospel's joyful sound; Come, go with us, and you shall prove The joy of Christ's redeeming love, We are passing away, &c.

4 Once more we ask you, in his name, For yet his love remains the same, Say, will you to Mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no? We are passing away, &c.

255. Take my Heart. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Take my heart, O Father, take it,
 Make and keep it all thine own;
 Let thy Spirit melt and break it,
 Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
 Heav'nly Father, deign to mould it,
 In obedience to thy will;
 And, as passing years unfold it,
 Keep it meek and child-like still.
- 2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
 Peaceful, kind, and free from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy,
 Of this vain and sinful life.
 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
 And its sins be all forgiven;
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
 Guide it in the path to heaven.

256.

Dundee.

C. M.

- Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Saviour die?
 Did he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done He grouned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 8 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in: When Christ, the man of sorrows, died For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

257. Martyn. 7s. Double. Cross of Christ.

- 1 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Hide my sins and shelter me; Claim or merit have I none, I am vile and all undone; I to Thee for succor fly,— Give me refuge or I die. Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, All my hopes are hung on thee.
- 2 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Let me to thy shadow flee; Here they mocked the Crucified, Here the royal sufferer died: Here was shed the atoning blood, Till it crimsoned all the sod; Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Can the guilty trust in thee?
- 3 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Type of love's deep mystery.
 'Twas my sins provoked this love, I this matchless passion moved; For my soul this love was stored; On my head the blessing poured; Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Now I solve love's mystery.
- 4 Cross of Christ. O sacred tree, This my boast shall ever be, That the blood for me was shed, That for me He groaned and bled; Now I catch that gracious eye, Now I know I shall not die; Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, All my guilt is lost in thee!

25S.

Boy!ston.

S. M.

- 1 A sinful man am I, Therefore I come to Thee; To Thee the holy and the just, That Thou mayst pity me.
- 2 Wert Thou not righteous, Lord, I dare not come to Thee. It is a righteous pardon, Lord, Alone that suiteth me.
- 3 Our God is love,—we come; Our God is light,—we stay; Abiding ever in His word, And walking in His way.
- 4 Mercy and truth are His, Unchanging faithfulness; The cross is all our boast and trust; And Jesus is our peace.

BINGHAM. S. M.



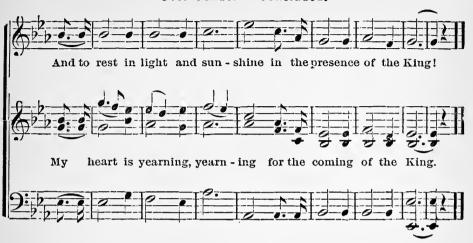


- 4 A thousand hammers keen,
 With fiery force and strain,
 Brought down on it, in rage and hate
 Have struck this gem in vain.
- 5 It standeth, and will stand, Without or change or age; The word of majesty and light, The church's heritage.

OVER YONDER.



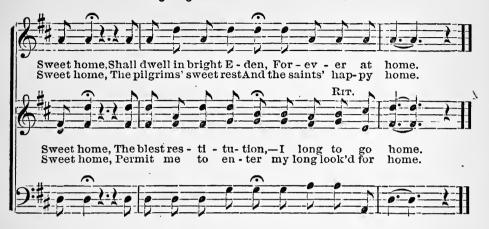
"Over Yonder." Concluded.



- 3 Oh, to be over yonder! alas! I sigh and ponder,
 Why clings my heart, world-weary, unto any earthly thing?
 Each tie of earth must sever, and pass away forever;
 But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.
- 4 Oh, to be over yonder! The longing groweth stronger,
 And sweet hope the distance lessens, like a dove on rapid wing.
 O time, with fleeter pinion, bring down my Lord's dominion,
 That my soul may rest forever in the presence of the King.
- 5 Oh, to be over yonder, in that bright land of wonder,
 Where life, and light, and sunshine touch every hallowed thing!
 Where the day-beam is unshaded, pure and good as he who made it,—
 The land of love eternal, Jesus is the worthy King.
- 6 Oh, when shall I be dwelling where the angel voices swelling, In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring; Where the pearly gates are gleaming, and the morning star is beamin g,— Oh! when shall I be yonder, in the presence of the King?



"Sighing for Home." Concluded.



Lord's Supper.

C. M.

- 1 Thy broken body, gracious Lord! Is shadowed by this broken bread, The wine which in this cup is pour'd, Points to the blood which thou hast shed.
- 2 And while we meet together thus, We show that we are one in Thee; Thy precious blood was shed for us; Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
- 3 We have one hope—that Thou wilt come; Thee in the air we wait to see: When Thou wilt give thy saints a home, And we shall ever reign with Thee.

Lord's Supper.

- Jesus invites his saints
 To meet around his board;
 Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold Communion with their Lord.
- For food he gives his flesh;
 He bids us drink his blood;
 Amazing favor—matchless grace
 Of our descending Lord.
- 3 Let all our powers be joined His glorious name to raise; Let joy and love fill every mind, And every voice be praise.

Willoughby. C. P. M.

Baptism.

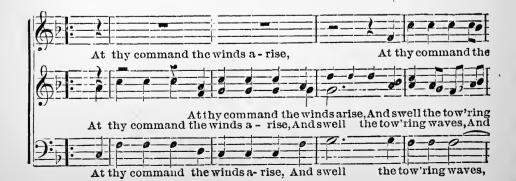
- 1 Salem's great King, Jesus by name, In ancient times to Jordan came, All righteousness to fill; 'Twas there the ancient baptist stood, Whose name was John—a man of God-To do his Master's will.
- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
 The baptist led the holy Lamb,
 And there did him baptize;
 Jehovah saw his darling Son,
 And was well pleased with what he'd done,
 And owned him from the skies.
- 3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries; On Him to rest the Spirit flies; O, children, hear ye him! Hark! 'tis his voice; behold, he cries, Repent, believe, and be baptized, And wash away your sins.
- 4 Come, children, come; his voice obey; Salem's bright King has marked the way, And has a crown prepared; O then arise and give consent, Walk in the way that Jesus went, And have the great reward.

OCEAN. C. M.

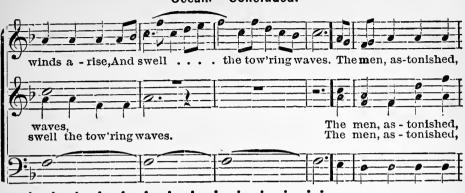
SWAN.













Millennial Dawn.

7s & 6s.

ſ

1 The loving moon is springing
From night's unloving gloom;
And earth seems now arising
In beauty from the tomb.
See daylight far above us,
Tinging each cloudy wreath,
Ere it showers itself in splendor
Upon the plain beneath.

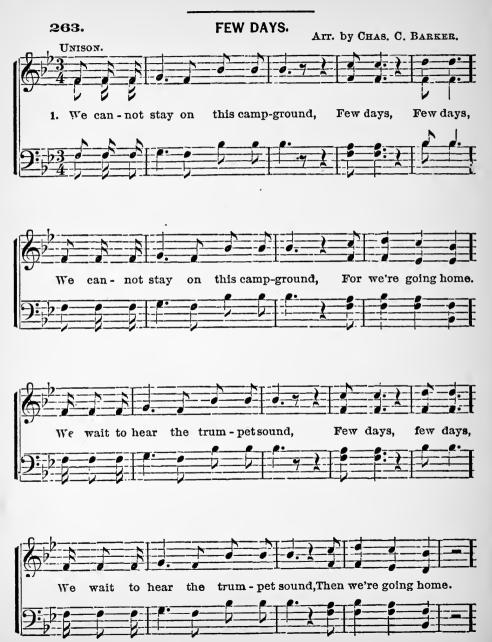
2 'Tis sparkling on the mountain-peak, 'Tis hurrying down the vale, 'Tis bursting thro' the forest boughs, 'Tis fresh'ning in the gale.
O'er the churchyard it is resting, — On stone, and grass, and mould,

Giving voice to each gray tombstone,
As to Memnon's harp of old.

3 O the gay burst of beauty
That is flashing over earth,
And calling forth its millions
To holy morning mirth!
Yet look we for a sunrise
More beautiful than this;
And watch we for a dawning
Of purer light and bliss.

4 When a far fairer morning
O'er greener hills shall rise,
And a far fresher sunlight
Looks down from bluer skies.
Is not creation weary?
Has sin not reigned too long?
Hear, Lord, thy church's pleading,
Come, end her night of wrong!

Miscellaneous.



"Few Days." Concluded.



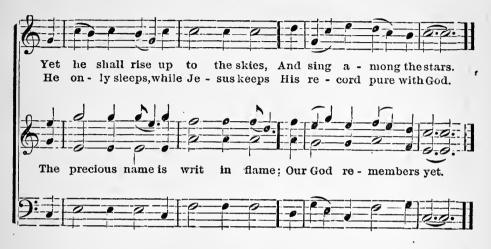
- 2 Wake the song of Jubilee, few days, few days, &c. Let it break across the sea, few days, few days, &c. For we're going home. — Cho.
- 3 Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates, few days, few days, &c.
 A mighty host before you waits, few days, few days, &c.
 And they're going home. Cho.
- 4 We'll be within the city lines, few days, few days, &c. For in the east our day-star shines, few days, few days, &c. And we're going home.—CHo.
- 5 The palm trees wave within our sight, few days, few days, &c.
 Upon the hills of life and light, few days, few days, &c.
 Where we're going home.—Cho.
- 6 We'll no more need to sing this song, few days, few days, &c.

 The blessed day will be so long, few days, few days, &c.

 When we get home.—Cho.



"West Sudbury." Concluded.



DOXOLOGIES.

Old Hundred.

L. M.

1 Be Thou, O God, exalted high, And, as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

Old Hundred. L. M.

2 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Dedication. L. M.

3 All glory, while the ages run, Be to the Father, and the Son, Who rose from death; the same to Thee, O Holy Ghost, eternally.

Dedication. L. M.

4 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,—
In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before His footstool fall.

Old Hundred. L. M.

Let all that wait the Coming King, Now to his name sweet praises bring; He cometh quickly! sound it high, Till echoes meet the vocal sky.

- 2 Earth shall depart, and, like a scroll, The passing heavens together roll, For Jesus' faithful words shall be Enduring as eternity.
- 3 Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord, As thou hast promised in thy word—Fill earth with glory like a sea—Oh! speak the word, and it shall be.

Pleyel's Hymn.

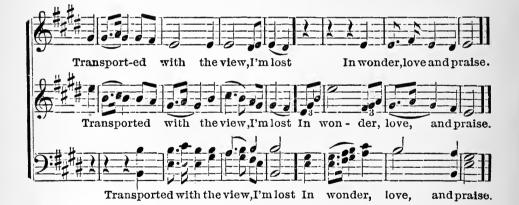
7e.

Lord's Supper.

- 1 Bread of heaven! on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat indeed; Ever let our souls be fed With this true and living bread!
- 2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies This blest cup of sacrifice; Lord, thy wounds our healing give, To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied, Through the life of him who died; Lord of life! oh let us be Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

Miscellaneous.



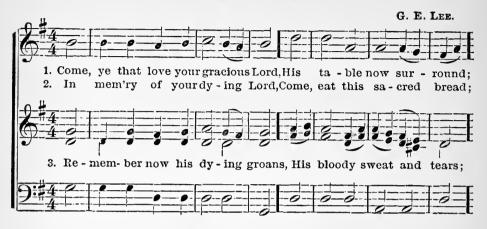


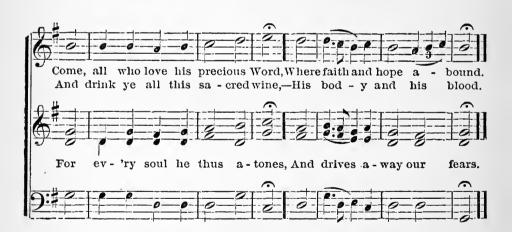
- 2 O, how can words with equal warmth The gratitude declare,
- But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries Thy mercy lent an ear, Ere yet my feeble tho'ts had learned
- To form themselves in prayer. 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran,
- Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe, And led me up to man.
- That glows within my ravished heart? 5 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths, It gently cleared my way;
 - And thro' the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.
 - 6 Thro' all eternity to thee A grateful song I'll raise; But, O, eternity's too short To utter all thy praise.



- 2 I see the blessed saints in light,
 Who taste the pleasure there;
 They are all robed in spotless white,
 And conq'ring palms they bear.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown, I now the cross sustain; And gladly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 O, what are all my suffrings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet With that enraptured host t' appear, And worship at thy feet?
- 5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away; But let me find them all again, In that eventful day.

HARMONY, C. M.



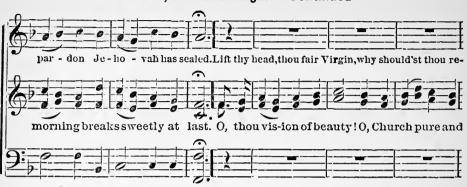


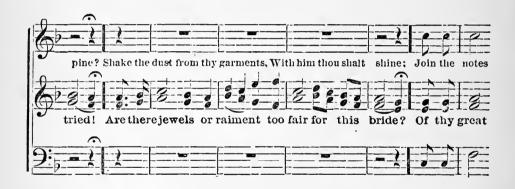
4 Then upward look with longing eyes 5 0! then with him you'll eat the bread, For your returning Lord; And drink the heavenly wine; For soon he'll come from yonder skies. While crowns of gold adorn your head With stars that brightly shine.

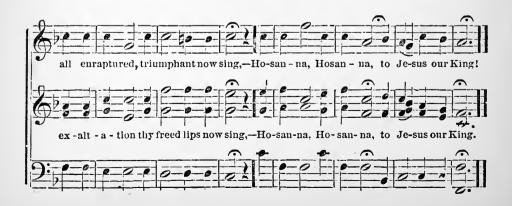
Fulfilling all his Word.



"Awake, thou fair Virgin." Continued.









"Summer Evening." Continued.



"Summer Evening." Concluded.





4 I know that thou Canst lift me up, Perchance by bitter trial; I'll take whate'er Thy hand doth send Of cross or self-denial. 5 O blessed love!
In suffering thou
Didst learn our human story;
And still dost bear,
Our sorrows keen,
Tho' crown'd with Kingly glory.



3. They are waiting in the ocean,
In the mighty deep;
Waiting for the trumpet's sounding,
Loudly calling them from sleep. Cho.

4. Rachel's children too are waiting
In the foes' domain;

But with all the sleeping captives, Soon will they come back again. CHo.

5. They are waiting on their couches, Of affliction sore, They are waiting for redemption,
Then to suffer pain no more.

CHO.

6. They are waiting in the valley, Poor and lowly too;

Great will be their exaltation,
When the train of glory's due. CHO
7. They are waiting on the mountain,

Сно.

Singing songs of praise;
Waiting for the angel choir,
Soon to join their higher lays.





- 3. In the cross of Jesus, glory,
 Tell with joy the wondrous story;
 Lift the song of triumph high,
 Lo! the kingdom now is nigh.—Cho.
- 4. Still rejoice! thy burden bearing, Christ is with thee, ever sharing All thy woes and daily care, Ever list ning to thy prayer.—Cho.
- Cheer thee up! the day is nearing! Welcome thou its glad appearing; Christ with angels soon will come, Gathering all the reapers home.—CHo.
- 6. Hallelujah! let the echo, Ring o'er earth, and wave, and billow; Let the joyful anthem be: Praise the Lord! salvation's free,—Cno.









278. TUNE.-The Sweet Bye and Bye.

The Immortal Shore.

O that land that the seers have foretold, So holy, so pure, and so fair; And that city with streets of pure gold Makes me oftentimes sigh to be there. Cho. 'Neath the clear sunny sky, We shall meet on that immortal shore that is nigh;

'Neath the clear sunny sky, We shall sing on that immortal shore.

O those mountains with beautiful bowers, Where the warblers sing sweet in the trees; And the valleys with sweet blooming flowers Send their odors afar on the breeze.

O Zion, so sacred and bright!
The ransomed with singing shall come,
And stand on thy beautiful height
With Jesus, forever at home.

O thou land so delightful and fair, Where no tears can bedim any eye; My heart and affections are there,— I rejoice that 't is specially nigh.

Tune on p. 157.

279. Jesus Saves Me.

I am so glad that the Bible is mine, Light on its pages from heav n doth shine, Telling most clearly the kingdom is near, When in his glory the King will appear. Cho. I am so glad that Jesus saves me,

Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me, I am so glad that Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me, poor me.

I am so glad that the Father loved me, And opened a fountain on Mount Calvary; To save man from sin and to make him an heir

In the kingdom of glory when Christ shall appear.

Then if the Lord in his mercy will bring Me in the kingdom to see the blest King; This, then, my anthem shall evermore be, Oh! what a wonder that Jesus saved me!

There where the streamlets eternally glide, And sweet blocking flowers grow up by their side;

There with the angels I'll evermore sing, Glory and honor to Salem's great King!

There, in the city of bright golden streets, The saints of all ages transported I'll greet, And there, mid the glory, the greatest will

The wonderful love of the Saviour for me.

280. The Sweet Bye and Bye.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

Chorus:—In the sweet bye and bye, We shall meet on that beautiful shore

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sight for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above We will offer the tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of his love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

Chorus:—In the sweet bye and bye, We shall praise on that beautiful shore

TUNE, Christian's Voyage.

281. Near the Shore.

Though the ocean surges 'round me,
And the white crests leap and foam,
Hark! my loving Captain calls me,
And will bring me safely home.

Chorus:
We are near to the dawn of morning,
When the winds will cease to roar:
Watch! for the Bridegroom soon is com-

ing,—
Then we'll land on Canaan's shore.

See! the signal lights are gleaming 'Mid the angry breakers' roar; Light upon our chart is streaming Brighter as we near the shore.

Sweet the odors are perfuming Breezes from bright Ed n's plains; Hark! the angels are altuning Melody of sweetest strains.

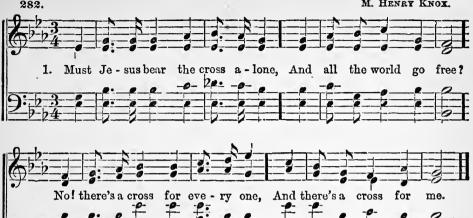
There the balmy zephyrs blowing, And the crystal streamlets glide. While the fragrant flowers, blooming, Wave in beauty on their side.

There the realm is filled with glory As the waters fill the sea; And the ransomed tell the story, "King Emmanuel died for me."

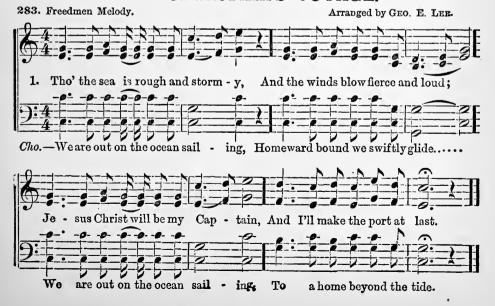
While the angel bands are singing "Glory! glory! to our King," There a song is ever ringing That the angels cannot sing.

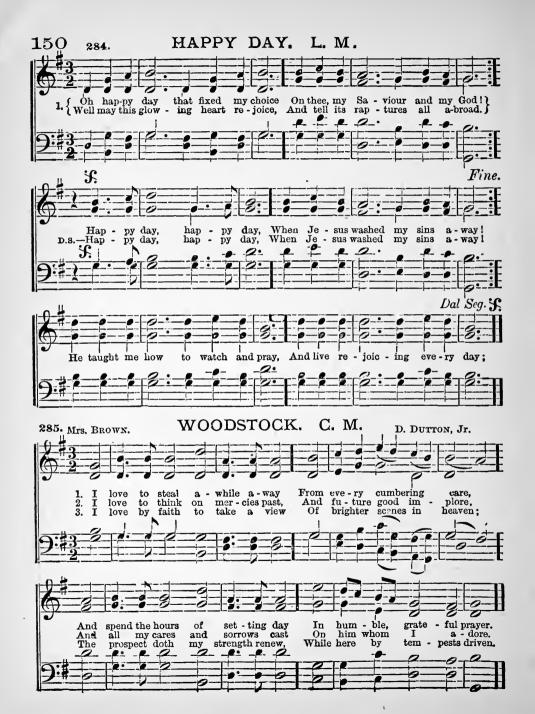


M. HENRY KNOX.



THE CHRISTIAN'S VOYAGE.







- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,— A remnant weak and small,— Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O, that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the ever'asting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET.

CONCLUDED FROM OPPOSITE PAGE.

- 1 AMID the joyous scenes of earth,
 When hope's bright vision round us play,
 There still remains an hour most dear:
 The mem'ry of that happy day.
 Happy day, happy day, &c.
- 2 Should all the joys of earth grow dim, And melt like farcy's dreams away, There lingers deep within the heart, Fond mem'ries of that happy day. Happy day, &c.
- 3 When sorrow's clouds around us lower, Amid the gloom a cheering ray Comes gently stealing o'er the soul, It is the memory of that day, Happy day, &c.
- 4 When death's dark shadows gather round;
 When nature's noblest powers decay,
 A spirit's whispering voice recalls
 The blessed meni'ries of that day,
 Happy day, &c.
 JOHN M. EVANS.



288. Words by M. V. SALTMARSH.

Music arranged by GEO. E. LER.



CONCLUDED FROM OPPOSITE PAGE.

- 3. Nor ask, when, overburdened, You long for friendly aid,-"Why idle stands my brother, No yoke upon him laid?" The Master bids him tarry, And dare you ask him why? "Go, labor in my vineyard;
 - There's resting by and by."
- 4. Wan reaper in the harvest, Let this thy strength sustain, -Each sheaf that fills the garner Brings you eternal gain. Then bear the cross with patience, To fields of duty hie; 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus-There's resting by and by.—Cho.



THE REALM OF DELIGHT.—Concluded. 155



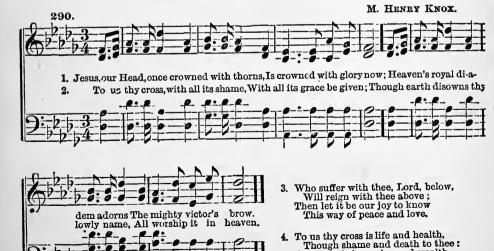
3.

Its fountains are pure, and its pleasures untold,
Its fulness of joy no tongue can unfold!
How its life-breathing zephyrs float gently along,
While the ransomed are singing redemption's sweet song-

4

'Tis Jesus invites me, the glory to see;
"To reign with him" there, in the land of the free!
Where the weary saints rest, and the wicked ne'er come!
Yes, over the river, in the saint's Eden home!

HENRY. C. M.



On earth, it is our joy and wealth, In heaven our crown shall be.



I AM SO GLAD THAT JESUS IS MINE.



4. I am so glad that my Jesus I love, Righteous and faithful he always doth prove; Ever delighting our burdens to share, If we but earnestly seek him in prayer.

 I am so glad that my Jesus doth keep In his remembrance his children who sleep; Yes, our long-lost ones immortal shall bloom, Rising in glory, they'll come from the tomb.

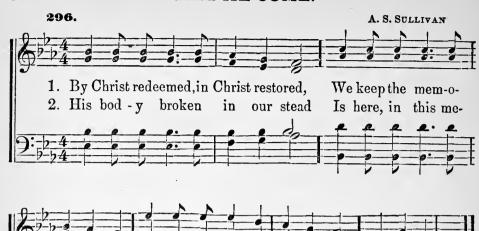
CHORUS.

CHORUS.





- 2 Calm is thy slumber, as an infant's sleep,
 But thou shalt wake, and no more toil nor weep;
 Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep:
 Good night, good night.
- 3 Until the shadow from this earth is cast; Until He gathers in his sheaves at last; Until the twilight gloom is overpast, Good night, good night.
- 4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
 Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
 And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
 Good night, good night.
- 5 Until made beautiful by pow'r divine,
 And in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
 And he shall bring that golden crown of thine,
 Good night, good night.



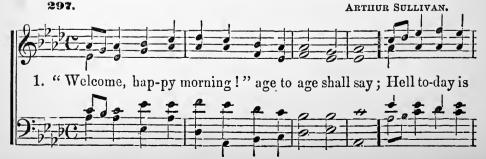
ry adored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Un-til he come. morial bread; And so our fee - ble love is fed, Un-til he come.



- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
 His life-blood shed for us we see:
 The wine shall tell the mystery,
 Until he come.
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night, With the last advent we unite—
 The shame, the glory, by this rite,
 Until he come.
- 5 Until the trump of God be heard, Until the ancient graves be stirred, And with the great commanding word, The Lord shall come.
- 6 Oh, blessed hope! with this clate, Let not our hearts be desolate, But, strong in faith, in patience wait, Until he come.

G. Rawson.







- 2 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light, Hours and passing moments, praise Thee in their flight; Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea, Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
- 3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
 Come, then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
 'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, O buried Lord!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
 Latin of Venantius Fortunatus.

The words above were sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake, about 1415.

4 Easter pledge and promise, unto us belong;
Soon we lift the burden of that mighty song—
"Thou who hast redeemed us"—Easter light once more,
All the earth shall startle, to its farthest shore.
Come then, "happy morning!" age to age has said
Fannie Eineman, Bloomneid, N. J., Dec., 1879.





2 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
Calling to thee,
Child of my love, lean hard,
But lean on me.
'I'll cheer thee in distress,
When cares around thee press,
In this lone wilderness:
Then lean on me.

3 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
Calling to thee,
Fix all thy faith and hope
Solely in me.
Thine every step I'll trace,
And guide thee by my grace,
Till thou behold'st my face;
Then rest in me.

4 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus, Calling to thee; Speak for me while thou mayst; Be bold for me. The world may mock and sneer, But thou need'st never fear, For I am always near; So speak for me.

5 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
Calling to thee;
I'm coming soon to earth,
So watch for me.
The night is long and drear,
But morning shades appear,
Which speak my advent near;
Then watch for me.

6 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
Calling to thee;
I "come again" that thou
Mayst come to me.
And when I "come again,"
Thou shalt be freed from pain,
And in my kingdom reign,
For aye with me.

Miss E. Kellaway, Abergavenny, Eng.

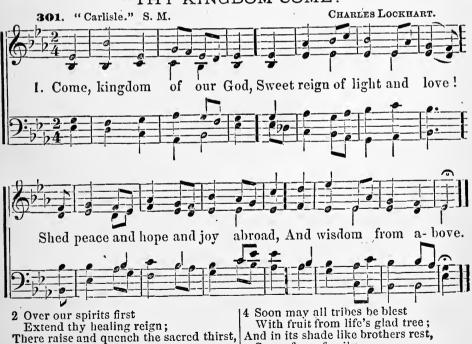


- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;

For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

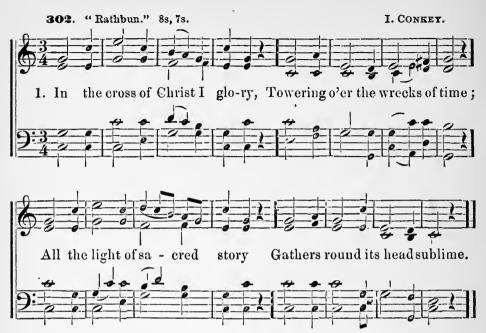
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And then, when grav hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not — I will not desert to his foes; That soul - though all hell should endeavor to shake. I'll never — no never — no never forsake!" G. Keith.

"THY KINGDOM COME!"



- That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God, And make the broad earth thine; Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod That flowers with grace divine.
- Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God, And raise thy glorious throne In worlds by the undying tred, When God shall bless His own. H. B. Jowns.

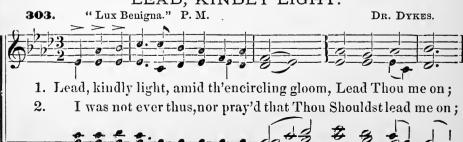




- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross torsake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance, streaming,
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wreeks of time; All the light of sacred story
- Gathers round its head sublime.

 J. Bowring.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.





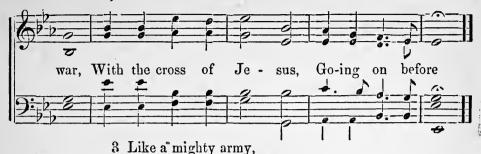
3 So long Thy power hast blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Dr. J. H. Newman.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. Concluded. 169



Moves the church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity. Onward, &c.

4 What the saints established
That we hold for true:
What the saints believéd
That believe we too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that faith will hold—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled. Onward, &c.

5 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail. Onward, &c.

S. Ravina Gould.

6 Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing. Onward, &c.





- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's pow'r? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting; where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:" And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the gospel leads us home. Cho.

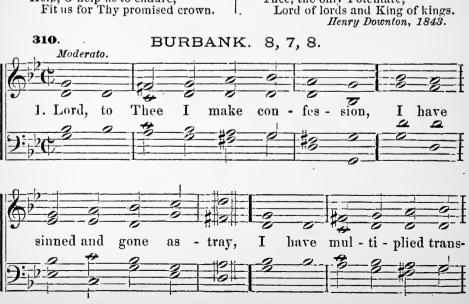
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee. Cho.
- 4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. Cho



- 2 With a childlike heart of love, At thy bidding may I move; Prompt to serve and follow thee, Loving him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to follow in thy grace; Learning how to love from thee, Loving him who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ —
 In obedience all her joy;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving him who first loved me.
- 5 Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe;
 Singing, till thy face I see,
 Of his love who first loved me.
 Anon.









- 2 Yet though conscience' voice appalls me,
 Father, I will seek Thy face;
 Though Thy child I dare not call me,
 Yet receive me to Thy grace;
 Do not for my sins forsake me,
 Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.
 - 3 For Thy Son hath suffered for me,
 And the blood He shed for sin,
 That can heal me and restore me,
 Quench this burning fire within;
 'Tis alone His cross can vanquish
 These dark fears and soothe this anguish.
- 4 Then on Him I cast my burden,
 Sink it in the depths below!
 Let me feel Thy gracious pardon,
 Wash me, make me white as snow.
 Let Thy Spirit leave me never,
 Make me only Thine forever!

John Frank. 1653. Miss Winkworth, Tr. 1862.

176 I SING THE BIRTH WAS BORN TO-NIGHT.





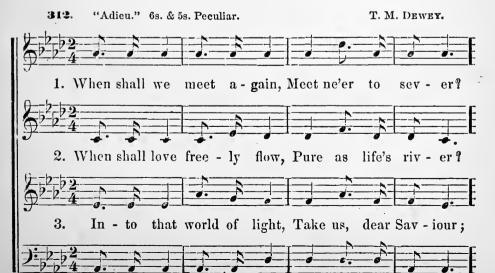
2 The Son of God, th'Eternal King,
 That did us all salvation bring,
 And freed the soul from danger.
He, whom the whole world could not take,
 The Word, which heav'n and earth did make,
 Was now laid in a manger.

3 The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

4 What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence,
Can man forget this story?

Ben Jonson.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?



178 WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. Concluded.







- 3 When the star-beams pierce the night, Oft I think on Jesus' light; Think how bright that light will be, Shining through eternity.
- 4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
 This dark cloud in which I dwell,
 And to me the power impart
 To behold thee as thou art.

F. E. Cox, tr.



O'ER THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS. Concluded. 181







- 2 O Thou long-expected, weary Waits my anxious soul for Thee; Life is dark and earth is dreary, Where Thy light I do not see; O, my Saviour, When wilt Thou return to me?
- 3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
 Spent the night, the day at hand;
 Keep me in my lonely station,
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,

O, my Saviour, In Thy bright and promised land.

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,

Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

J. S. B. Monsell.



317.

1 The day is past and gone, Great God, we bow to thee; Again, as shades of night steal on, Unto thy side we flee.

20, when shall that day come, Ne'er sinking in the west, That country and that happy home, Where none shall break our rest;-

- 3 Where all things shall be peace, And pleasure without end. And golden harps, that never cease, With joyous hymns shall blend;—
- 4 Where we, preserved beneath The shelter of thy wing, For evermore thy praise shall breathe, And of thy mercy sing. W. J. Blew.



2 What things shall happen on the morrow Thou kindly hidest from our gaze;
But tellest us, in joy or sorrow,
"Lo! I am with you all the days." Ref

3 When round our head the tempest rages,
And sink our feet in miry ways,
Thy voice comes floating down the ages —
"Lo! I am with you all the days." REF.

4 O thou who art our life and meetness!
Not death shall daunt us or amaze,
Hearing those words of power and sweetness,
"Lo! I am with you all the days." Ref.

From their dark graves they rise, From Him receive

the prize;



- 2 He comes from shining height
 To stormy sea;
 He comes in darkest night,—
 Wild tempest, flee.
 He comes my soul to save;
 He comes to still the wave,
 As winds on ocean rave,—
 He comes for me.
- 3 Though on the billows tossed
 His saints may be,
 None in the storm are lost,—
 He walks the sea.
 Though in night gloom driven,
 No ray from land is given,
 He comes, and clouds are riven,
 He comes for me.
- 4 Hark! how the creature groans
 To be set free.
 But Christ shall hush thy moans,
 He comes to thee.

- O! sing, ye rolling waves, O! shine, ye bursting graves, While he creation saves,— He comes for me.
- 5 Fair as the silvery moon,
 Who, who is she?
 Clear as the sun at noon,
 Who can it be?
 Down from pavilions bright,
 Come cherubim of light;
 See Bride in spotless white,—
 He comes for me.
- 6 Hear how the gold harps fling
 Sweet melody;
 Hear how the martyrs sing,—
 Blest company;
 Their crowns of glory shine,
 Their deeds are more than mine;
 But saved by blood divine,—
 He comes for me.

 Geo. R. Kramer.



- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this Thy house of prayer;
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim.
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 So in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
 Reginald Heber.



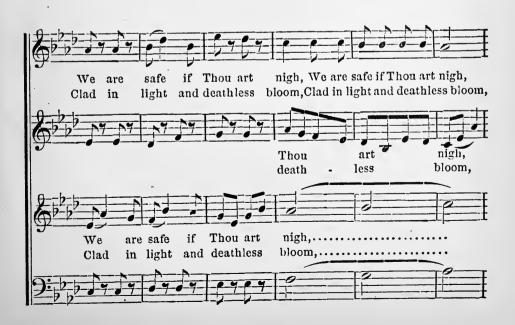
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear, The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us thou art near.
- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe, O Love Divine, for ever dear; Content to suffer while we know, Living or dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

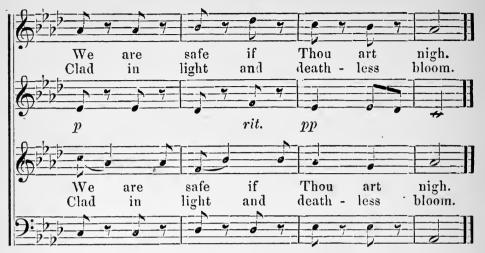
188 SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING. 322. 8s & 7s. BAYLEY. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can-not hide from thee; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou caust save and Thou caust heal. He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watcheth where Thy peo-ple Tho' de - struction walk a - round us, Tho' 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch become our tomb,

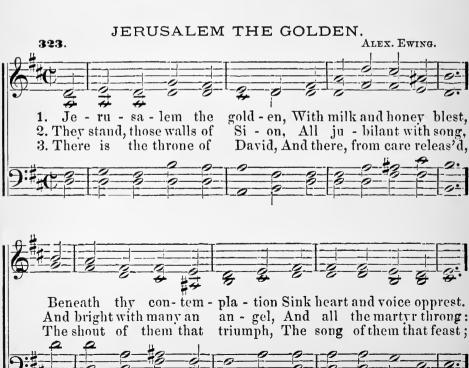
Saviour, breathe an Evening Blessing. Continued. 189

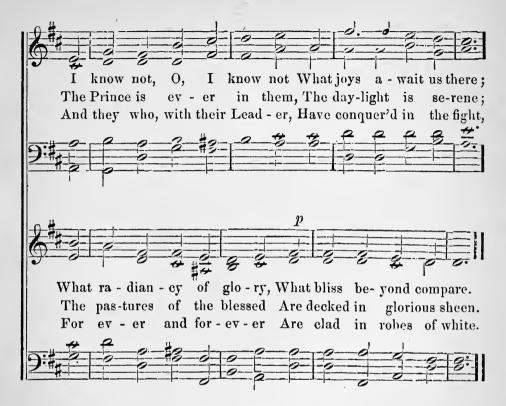




190 Saviour, breathe an Evening Blessing. Concluded





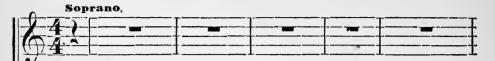


4 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

5 O one, O only mansion:
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Thou hast no shores, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

324.

SULLIVAN. Arr. by H. A. FOSTER.



- 1. The world is very e-vil, The times are waxing late, Be sober and keep
- 2. A rise, arise, good Christian, Let right to wrong succeed; Let penitential



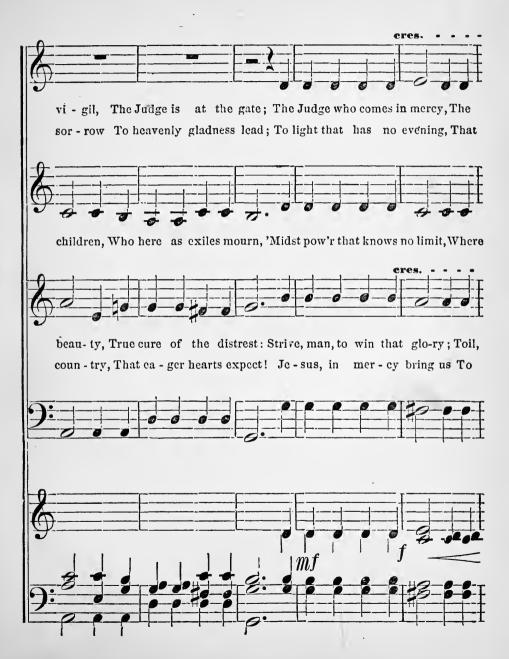
3. O home of fadeless splendor, Of flow'rs that fear no thorn, Where they shall dwell as



- 4. O hap-py, ho-ly por-tion, Refection for the blest, True vision of true
- 5. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect! O sweet and blessed







194 THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL. Continued.



Judge who comes in might, Who comes to end the evil, Who comes to crown the right.

knows nor moon nor sun, The light so new and golden, The light that is but one.



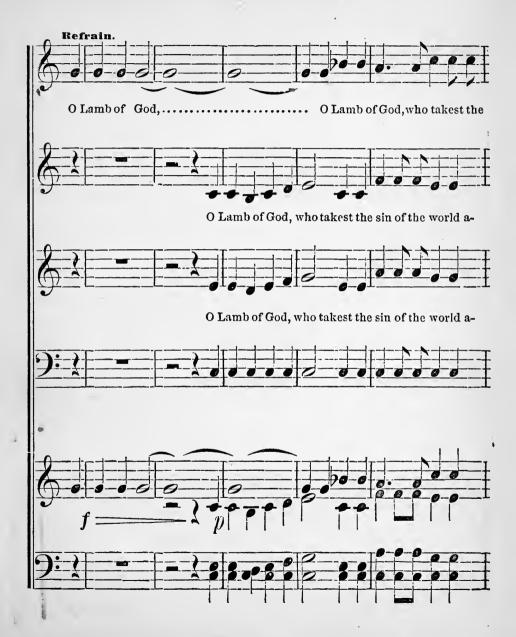
wis-dom has no bound, The Be - a - tif-ic Vis - ion Shall glad the saints around.



man, to gain that light; Send hope before to grasp it, Till hope be lost in sight.
that dear land of rest; That we, with God the Father, And Thon, be ever blest.









FAVORITE HYMNS.

325. REFUGE, OR MARTYN. 7s. D. 326.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive me home at last!

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

326. **DISCIPLE.** 8s, 7s. D.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art faithful, thou art true;
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,

God and heaven are still my own!

While thy love is left to me!
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
If that love were hid from me!

3. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer; Heaven's eternal day's before thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there. Soon shall close thine earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte.

C. Wesley.

327. LENOX.

H. M.

329. **BETHANY.**

6s, 4s.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow—
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3. The gospel trumpet hear,

The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting notTo rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,To thee whose blood can cleanse eachO Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!

C. Elliott.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

3. Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
S. F. Adams.

330. TOPLADY.

7s, 6s.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone; In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise on that blest morn, And behold thee on thy throne, Rock of Ages, eleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. Toplady.

C. M.

331. LENOX.

Arise, my soul arise!
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;

Before the throne my Surety stands: My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. My God is reconciled;

His pardoning voice I hear;

He owns me for his child;

I can no longer fear;

With confidence I now draw nigh,

And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

C. Wesley.

332. EXHORTATION. C. M.

O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

- My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, [abroad, To spread, through all the earth The honors of thy name.
- 3. Jesus, the name that calms my fears, That bids my sorrows cease; 'Tis music to my ravished ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4. He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me.
 Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire!
 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread.
- 5. Let us obey; we then shall know, Shall feel our sins forgiven; Anticipate our heaven below, And own that love is heaven. C. Wesley.

H. M. 333. ARLINGTON.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

- 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
- 3. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 4. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thine armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be thine. I. Watts.

334. OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

- May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm and changeless be,
 A living fire!
- 3. While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

 Ray Palmer.

335. DUKE STREET.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;

To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall fill my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works and bless his word; His works of grace, how bright they ${
 m shine}\ !$

How deep his counsels, how divine!

- 4. And I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I desired or wished below, And every power find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy. I. Watts.

MEAR.

C. M.

With joy we hail the sacred day Which God has called his own; With joy the summons we obey To worship at his throne.

- 2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair! Where willing vot'ries throng, To breathe the humble, fervent prayer, And pour the choral song.
- 3. Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell Within thy church below, Make her in holiness excel, With pure devotion glow.
- 4. Let peace within her walls be found, Let all her sons unite To spread with grateful zeal around Her clear and shining light. H. F. Lyte.

L. M. 337. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

- 1. Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it— Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2. Here I'll raise mine Eben-ezer; Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed his precious blood.
- 3. O, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to thee. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart; O, take and sealit; Seal it from thy courts above. R. Robinson.

338. NAOMI. C. M.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:—

- 2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
- 3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend; Thy presence through my journey And crown my journey's end."

A. Steele.

Jesus died on Calv'ry's mountain,

Long time ago;

And salvation's rolling fountain Now freely flows.

- Once his voice in tones of pity, Melted in woe;
 And he wept o'er Judah's city, Long time ago.
- 3. Jesus died—yet lives forever, No more to die; Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour Now sits on high.
- Now in heaven he's interceding For dying men;
 Soon he'll finish all his pleading, And come again.
- Budding fig-trees tell that Summer Dawns o'er the land;
 Signs portend that Jesus' coming Is near at hand.
- 6. When he comes, a voice from heaven Shall pierce the tomb;

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, Children, come home."

340. MARTYN. 7s, D.
Son of God, thy people's shield,
Must we still thine absence mourn?
Let thy promise be fulfilled:
Thou hast said, "I will return."
Gracious Master, soon appear,
Quickly bring thy morning light;
Then will cease the constant tear,
Hope be turned to joyful sight.

2. As a woman counts the days,
Till her absent lord she sees,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So the church must long for thee.
Come, that we may see thee nigh,
Then the sheep shall feed in peace;
Hush forever trouble's sigh,
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

341. SUNNYSIDE.

8s & 7s.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Still in faith and hope abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

2. O, how blessed is this station!
Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in the Saviour's eye;
Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove each day his blood more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

Anonymous.

342. BOYLSTON. S. M.

7s, D. Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.

3. Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O, happy servant he
 In such a posture found!

 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.
 Doddridge.

343. BEAUTIFUL GATES.

Beautiful gates to the City of Gold, Sparkling so bright, I would see; O, when my pilgrimage journey shall

Then will they open to me.

Beautiful gates to the City of Gold; Beautiful gates, beautiful gates; Beautiful gates I soon shall behold, Beautiful, beautiful gates.

2. Journeying on, I am longing to see Angels of glory so fair,

Waiting with joy at the portals for me, Waiting to welcome me there.

3. Beautiful gates, now I know they are near,

Brighter my pathway has grown; Light from the City begins to appear, Glorious light from my home.

4. Beautiful gates, O, they say they are bright,

Shining with jewels so rare; [light, Pilgrims who enter those portals of Pure robes of righteousness wear. CHORUS.

5. Washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain,

Washed and made sinless and white, So shall I enter, and ever remain, Safe in the realm of delight.

344. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me: His loving-kindness, O, how free!

- 2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate: His loving-kindness, O, how great!
- 3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along: His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood: His loving-kindness, O, how good!

S. Medley.

345. LABAN. S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the prize.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast gain'd thy crown.

G. Heath.

346. EMMONS. C. M.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet to me.

2. When we appear in yonder cloud, With all the favored throng; [loud, Then we will sing more sweet, more And Christ shall be our song.

3. When we've been there ten thousand years,

Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first begun.

4. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to attend,

Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths never end. 347.

WEBB.

7s, 6s. D.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

3. It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4. Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper.

348. SILOAM.

C. M.

O thou whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

2. I praise thee for the desert road, And for the river-side; For all thy goodness hath bestowed, And all thy grace denied.

3. I thank thee for both smile and frown,And for the gain and loss;I praise thee for the future crown,And for the present cross.

4. I thank thee for the wing of love, Which stirred my worldly nest; And for the stormy clouds which drove The flutterer to thy breast.

5. I bless thee for the glad increase,
 And for the waning joy;
 And for this strange, this settled peace,
 Which nothing can destroy.
 J. Crewdson.

349. BALERMA. C. M.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is he;
 And faith has yet its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

3. The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4. Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead

The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with his name.

5. O Lord and Master of us all, Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!
J. G. Whittier.

350. ALETTA.

Depth of mercy!—can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2. I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3. Kindled his repentings are; Me he now delights to spare; Cries, How shall I give thee up?— Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4. There for me the Saviour stands: Showshis wounds and spreads his hands! God is love! I know, I feel: Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

C. Wesley.

351. COME, LET US ANEW.

Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, [appear. And never stand still till the Master

- 2. His adorable will let us gladly fulfill, And our talents improve [of love. By the patience of hope and the labor God is his own interpreter, stream.
- 3. Our life as a dream, our time as a Glides swiftly away, stay. And the fugitive moment refuses to
- 4. The arrow is flown, the moment is The millennial year here. Rushes on to our view, and eternity's Ting may say,
- 5. O, that each in the day of his com-"I have fought my way through; I have finished the work thou didst And know, its Maker can command give me to do."
- 6. O, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done!

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne." C. Wesley.

7s. 352. ARLINGTON.

C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

- 2. Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sovereign will.
- 3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take! The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and will break In blessings on your head.
- 4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.
- 5. His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
- 6. Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan his work in vain; And he will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

353. BRADEN. (p. 58). S. M.

The swift declining day, How fast its moments fly! shade While evening's broad and gloomy Gains on the western sky.

- 2. Ye mortals, mark its pace, And use the hours of light; At once eternal night.
- 3. Give glory to the Lord, Who rules the whirling sphere; Submissive at his footstool bow. And seek salvation there. P. Doddridge.

354. THE MORNING LIGHT. 7s, 6s.

The morning light is breaking;

The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking

To penitential tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,

Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing, The gospel call obey,

And seek the Saviour's blessing—A nation in a day.

3. Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;

Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay: Stay not till all the lowly

Triumphant reach their home;

Stay not till all the holy

Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"
S. F. Smith.

35**5**.

ZION.

8s, 7s & 4s.

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mourn-

ful?

Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved?

Cease thy mourning: Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee; All thy warfare now be past;

God, thy Saviour, will defend thee; Victory is thine at last.

All thy conflicts

End in everlasting rest.

T. Kelly.

356. LOVELY MORNING. 6s & 5s.

The last lovely morning All blooming and fair, Is fast onward fleeting,

And soon will appear;

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump

Sounds, "Come, come away!"
O, let us be ready
To hail the glad day.

2. And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone;
While the mighty, &c.

3. The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend;
While the mighty, &c.

The graves will be opened,
 The dead will arise,
 And with their Redeemer
 Mount up to the skies;
 While the mighty, &c.

5. The saints then immortal, In glory shall reign; The Bride with the Bridegroom

Forever remain;

While the mighty, &c.

357.

C. M. D.

I heard a voice, the sweetest voice That mortal ever heard;

O, how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred!
'T was Jesus spoke to me so mild;

He called me to his side,

And said, although with heart defiled, I might in him confide.

2. I saw his face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.
"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
The ransom-price I fully paid—
Repent! believe! be blest!"

3. I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
O, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt!
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

358.

L. M.

P. Stryker.

What various hindrances we meet In coming to a mercy-seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wishes to be often there?

 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.

3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4. Have you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,

And fill a fellow creature's ear With the sad tale of all your care.

5. Were half the breath thus vainly spent.To heaven in supplication sent,Our cheerful song would oftener be, "Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

W. Cowper.

359. WEBB.

7s, 6s.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

G. Duffield.

360. WALES. 8s, 4s. Through the love of God our Saviour,

All will be well;

Free and changeless is his favor; All, all is well;

Precious is the blood that healed us; Perfect is the grace that sealed us; [us: Strong the hand stretched out to shield All must be well.

2. Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,

All, all is well.

All, all is well.

Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3. We expect a bright to-morrow; All will be well;

Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,

All must be well. M. B. Peters.

The Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2. Here pardon, life and joys divine In rich effusion flow;And here may rebels lost in sin, A full salvation know.

3. O, the rich depths of love divine, Of bliss, a boundless store; Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine; I cannot wish for more.

4. On thee alone my hope relies, Beneath thy cross I fall;My Lord, my life, my sacrifice, My Saviour and my all.

8s, 4s. 362. SHIRLAND.

S. M.

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love;
 Sing of his rising power;
 Sing how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.

3. Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sinners, sing; Sing on, rejoicing every day In Christ, the eternal King.

Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will he call us hence away
 To our eternal home.

5. Soon shall our raptured tongue His endless praise proclaim, And sweeter voices tune the song Of Moses and the Lamb.

363. ANTIOCH. C. M.

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,

The Saviour promised long! Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.

 He comes, the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst, The iron fetters yield.

3. He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4. He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

364. BANGOR.

I saw One hanging on a tree, In agony and blood,

Who fixed his languid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

- 2. Sure, never till my latest breath Can I forget that look;
- It seemed to charge me with his death, Though not a word he spoke.
- 3. Alas! I knew not what I did,
 But all my tears were vain;
 Where could my trembling soul be hid,
 For I the Lord had slain!
- 4. A second look he gave, which said, "I freely all forgive;This blood is for thy ransom paid;I die that thou may'st live.
- 5. Thus while my death thy sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals thy pardon too."

365. C. M. D. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good will to man, From heaven's all-gracious King:" The earth in solemn stillness lay,

To hear the angels sing.

[come,
Still through the cloven skies they

2. Still through the cloven skies they
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way, With painful steps and slow;—

C. M. Look up! for glad and golden hour?

Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,

And hear the angels sing!

4. For lo! the days are hastening on.
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing! E. H. Sears.

366. RETREAT. L. M From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all besides most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3. Ah! whither should we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed! Or how the hosts of sin defeat, Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 4. There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet,

While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

367. BRADEN. (p. 58.) S. M.

To God the only wise,
 Who keeps us by his word,
 Be glory now and evermore,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2. Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3. The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above. I. Watts.

368. MILLENNIAL DAWN. 7s & 6s. How long, O Lord, our Saviour, Wilt thou remain away?

Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay.

O, when shall come the moment When, brighter far than morn, The sunshine of thy glory Shall on thy people dawn?

2. How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long has thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3. How long, O heavenly Bridegroom!
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay!
Thy very bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4. O, wake thy slumb'ring virgins!
Send forth the solemn cry.
Let all thy saints repeat it,
"The Bridgroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

L. M. Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
For thou has brought salvation down,
And stored its blessings in thy word.

2. In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3. How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how large and free!
Firm on this ground our comfort stands.

Should all the schemes that men devise,
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd count them vanity and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

370. HARWELL. 8s, 7s.
Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Grant the weary soul thy rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4. Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till we reach our resting place,

Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

WOODLAND. 371.

C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul And to the weary, rest.

Shepherd, Husband, 3. Jesus, our Friend,

Our Prophet, Priest and King; Our Lord, our life, our way, our end, Accept the praise we bring.

4. Weak is the effort of each heart, And cold our warmest thought, But when we see thee as thou art, We'll praise thee as we ought.

372. O, WHO'LL STAND UP? 7s, 6s. O, who'll stand up for Jesus, The lowly Nazarene? And raise the blood-stained banner Amid the hosts of sin?

CHORUS.

The cross of Christ I'll cherish, Its crucifixion bear; All hail, reproach and sorrow, If Jesus leads me there!

2.O, who will follow Jesus, Amid reproach and shame? Where others shrink or falter, Who'll glory in his name? CHORUS.

3. My all to Christ I've given, My talents, time and voice, Myself, my reputation—

The lone way is my choice. CHORUS.

4. O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, My all-sufficient friend! Come, fold me to thy bosom, E'en to the journey's end. CHORUS.

373. JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land,

Where my possessions lie.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green,

. And rivers of delight.

3. There generous fruits that never fail, On trees immortal grow; There rock, and hill, and brook, and With milk and honey flow.

4. O'er all those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day;

There God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night away.

[breath,

S. M.

5. No chilling winds, or poisonous Can reach that healthful shore; Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

6. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?

SHIRLAND. 374.

Jesus, the conqueror, reigns, In glorious strength arrayed; His kingdom over all maintains, And bids the earth be glad.

2. Ye sons of men, rejoice In Jesus' mighty love;

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To him who rules above.

3. Extol his kingly power, Adore th' exalted Son,

Who died, but lives, to die no more, High on his Father's throne.

4. Our advocate with God, He undertakes our cause, [abroad And spreads through all the earth The victory of his cross.

375.

Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus,
Trusting my Saviour and Lord;
Casting my soul on his mercy,
Leaning upon his word;
Bearing the cross thro' toil and pain,
Counting as loss all earthly gain;
Knowing the faithful a crown shall
obtain,

Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus, my Lord, Firmly I'm trusting, believing his word; Blessed assurance, his name be adored; Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.

2. Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus,
Plunged in the life-giving flood,
Bathed in the sea of redemption,
Washed in the cleansing blood;
Passively lying at his feet,
Learning the bliss of love complete;
Waiting his pleasure, whatever is meet,
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.

CHORUS.

3. Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus;
Glory-light beams on the way,
Bright'ning my path thro'the darkness,
Chasing the clouds away.
Feeding in pastures green and fair,
Drinking from fountains flowing there,
Tenderly guarded by his loving care,
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.

CHORUS.

4. Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus,
Safe on his bosom reclined;
Tokens of perfect salvation,
Fullness of joy I find.
Purer and clearer all the way
Shineth the light of perfect day;
Holy the rapture, triumphant the lay,
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.

CHORUS.

376. PETERBORO'. C. M.

Lo! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

- 2. I see the Lord of glory come, And flaming guards around; The skies divide to make him room, The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3. I hear the voice—"Ye dead, arise!"
 And lo! the graves obey;
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
 Salute th' expected day.
- 4. They leave the dust, and on the wing Rise to the midway air, In shining garments meet their King, And loud adore him there.

5. How will our joy and wonder rise, When our returning King Shall hasten downward, thro' the skies, On love's triumphant wing.

377. **DENNIS.** S. M.

"Blest are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble minds earth shall possess,
And brightly there shall shine.

- 2. While on this earth they stay,
 Calm peace with them shall dwell;
 And cheerful hope and heav'nly joy
 Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3. The God of peace is theirs;
 They own his gracious sway;
 And, yielding all their wills to him,
 His sov'reign laws obey.
- 4. No angry passions move,
 No envy fires the breast;
 The prospect of eternal peace
 Bids ev'ry trouble rest.
- 5. O, gracious Father, grant That we this influence feel, That all we hope or wish may be Subjected to thy will:

378. O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD. C. M.

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

2. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

379. BOYLSTON. S. M.
Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil and pain And sin we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.

What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2. Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows

My soul in anguish made.

3. How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

381. ADMIRATION. (p.63.) 8s,7s,4s. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;

Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2. Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us; All our weakness thou dost know; Thou didst tread this earth before us; Thou didst feel its keenest woe;

Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,

Through the desert thou didst go.

3. Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,

Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston.

7s.

382. PETERBORO.

With joy we meditate the grace Of our High Priest above; His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.

- 2. Touched with a sympathy within, He knows our feeble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, For he has felt the same.
- He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out strong cries and tears,
 And still in glory feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4. He'll never quench the smoking flax, But raise it to a flame; The bruised reed he never breaks, Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5. Then let our humble faith address His mercy and his power;We shall obtain deliving grace In every trying hour.

383. CONTRAST.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see; [flowers
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

- 2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice; His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice. I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear, No mortal so happy as I, My Summer would last all the year.
- 3. Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind.

C. M. While blest with a sense of his love
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2. Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully, through thee, absolved I am From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 3. This spotless robe the same appears When ruined nature sinks in years; No age can change its glorious hue; The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4. O, let the dead now hear thy voice! Now bid thy banished ones rejoice! Their beauty this, their glorious dress, "Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness."

385. HOLLEY.

Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- Hasten mercy to implore;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3. Hasten, sinner, to return;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4. Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 Ere the morrow is begun.

 George Hews.

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